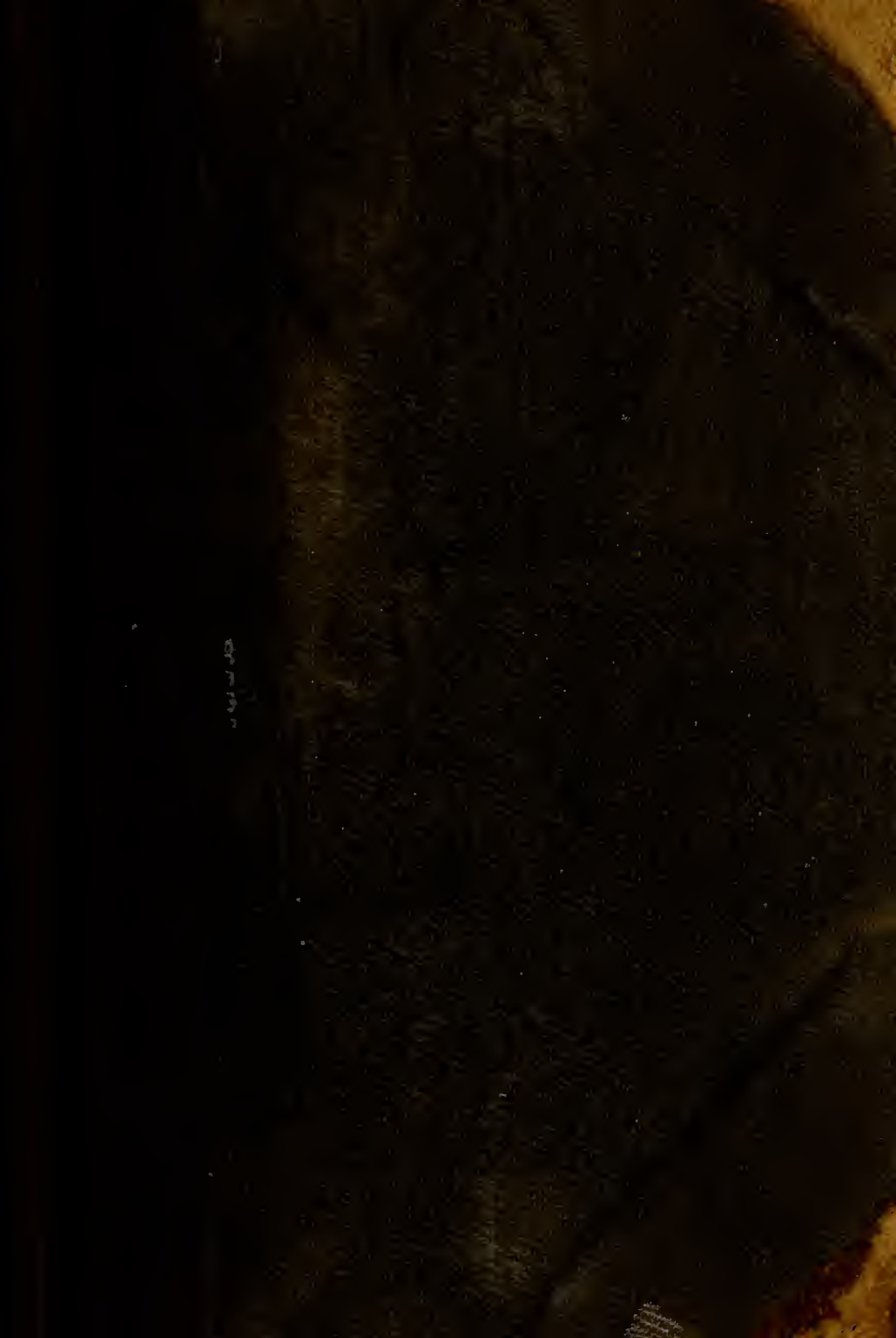

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THE

NAVAL OFFICER;

OR,

THE PIRATE'S CAVE.

A Thrilling Story of the Last War.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

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THE NAVAL OFFICER.

CHAPTER I.

THE SKIMMER OF THE SEAS.

At the commencement of our tale, we would state to the public, that those who have read "Fanny Campbell, the Female Pirate Captain," are already informed of the origin and early life of some of our principal characters. In that work, as the present, we had the firm foundation of truth to build our tale upon, and we desire, at the outset of this sequel, to impress the reader with the fact that we are acting more the part of a biographer than a novelist. We have been, in part, led to follow out the history of those characters, from the immense number of copies which have been sold, of the "Female Pirate Captain." When we say that *eighty thousand* copies have been disposed of, and this, too, in so short a time, some book-sellers may be disposed to question our veracity; but to such we have only to say, call upon our publishers, who will be most happy in adducing such evidences of the fact as shall thoroughly satisfy you. We say, then, that it is the unequalled popularity that the work has met with which has induced us to follow out, and perhaps more fully complete, the story commenced in that book. We have deemed these few remarks better fitted to commence our first chapter with, than to form a preface, for the reason that one half of the general readers of a book never see the preface at all.

The reader will remember that Fanny Campbell and William Lovell became united, after his gallant delivery from the prison at Havana, and that in due course of time they were blessed

with two sons, Herbert Lovell, and his younger brother, Frank.

It is the oldest of these two sons, with whom we shall have the most to do, and, indeed, he it is who will be our hero. This simple announcement will recall to the minds of those who have read his parent's life as portrayed in the work of which we have spoken, all the daring and gallant deeds of his mother and her brave associates, of her miraculous success, and the more than happy issue of all her plans and hopes. We could review with a degree of satisfaction even to ourselves, the plot of that story, but to those who have already perused the book, this might perhaps prove tedious, and to those who have not done so, we would simply suggest that the work is still to be had at the periodical depots in this city, or any part of the Union.

Notwithstanding that the 'Naval Officer' is in truth a sequel to Fanny Campbell, yet our story of Herbert Lovell will be sufficiently complete in itself to realize to the reader, all the interest he would experience in any work complete, and indeed, we mean to make this complete in itself, but shall refer oftentimes to such characters as have figured before, in order that those who have read the first work, may feel an increased interest in this; and if all be true that the public have said of the tale, we shall be doing those a favor whom we may induce to read it, by the interest we may create in its *dramatis personæ*, and by referring in some degree to the interesting points in the plot of the story.

It was on a fine afternoon in June, that two individuals might be seen upon the summit of High Rock, Lynn, with a spy-glass each, intent in the examination of a craft that lay just at the mouth of the little harbor of the town. She was anchored, and her sails were in the brails; still she rode as easily as a child in its cradle, upon the gently undulating breast of the sea. The vessel was a topsail schooner, and as trim in every spar and rope as a lady's gear on shore. She was evidently no trader, for her build was rather that of a vessel designed for speed rather than for any heavy freight other than might be used for her own purpose. She was as sharp forward as an arrow, and there was a most significant rake to her masts, and a neatness altogether, that told of many busy hands aboard. Her hull was black as night, aud the waist so high as only to show the hats of the tallest of the mariners above its side.

She was of a hundred and fifty tons burthen, and altogether

looked like a beautiful toy at the distance from which the two persons were viewing her, or rather would have done so, had they been landsmen, but as they appeared to be seamen by their garb and conversation, they understood the well known signs on board the vessel, and conversed accordingly.

'Well,' said the younger of the two to his companion, 'what do you think of her, good Terrence?'

'Why, plase yer honor, master Herbert, I havn't been to sea for nothing, and don't know but my opinion is of some count,' said the old fellow by his side, who appeared to stand in the relation of an old and favored servant. 'I should say, plase ye, master Herbert, that she was a little bit by the stern, jist a bit,' said the man, as if he feared he had gone too far in speaking thus.

'To be sure she's by the stern, Terrence, as every well built vessel should be. You wouldn't have her by the head, would ye?'

'No, please yer honor, master Herbert, but ye see with that after weight and a stiff breeze, she'd drag.'

'How so, Terrence?'

'Jist as a tag boat would, master Herbert, fastened to the taffrail, with the ship under full headway, half her keel out of water, and drawing all her weight abaft the rudder.'

'Well, Terrence, you have some idea about the trim of a vessel, but it happens that mine is ballasted just right for its peculiar qualities, and she sails well thus.'

'O, it's yer honor that must know best, to be sure,' replied the complacent Terrence Moony, in whom the reader has discovered the honest and ever faithful follower of Fanny Campbell.

'But you are getting a little seedy, Terrence,' continued his companion. 'It's some years since you have been to sea.'

'Yis, yer honor, the last voyage I made, was in yer father's yacht, the Vision. Ah, that is a craft for yer honor, and master Herbert, you was born on board of her—perhaps you don't remember that little circumstance.'

'Yes, I do, my good fellow, I shall never forget that I was born on the ocean—I love it too well for that.'

Thus saying the two descended from the rock, and wended their way to the shore. The younger of the two was Herbert Lovell, the son of Fanny Campbell, and now at the age of twenty-two, a Lieutenant Commandant in the service of his country. The vessel which they had been examining was a privateer fit

ted out by his father, and which he had received permission of government to command, directing all his efforts against the enemy.

Like his parents who had actively employed themselves in their country's cause during the Revolutionary war, Herbert Lovell was now serving in the same cause in the war of 1812. Our country, with little or no navy at all, was engaging with one of the most powerful nations on the face of the globe, in a second struggle, and with an equal degree of justice on her side. Numerous privateers had been fitted out by private and public enterprise, and already had the Americans made many and valuable prizes from the English. Herbert Lovell had just returned from a successful cruise off the coast, when he had made a valuable prize that he sent into Boston, while he anchored thus near to the home of his parents. On the occasion when we introduced him to the reader, he was just returning to his vessel, after a visit to his home, and was accompanied by honest Terrence Moony.

Lovell called his vessel 'The Skimmer of the Seas,' or as they used to abbreviate it on board, 'The Skimmer.'

She was admirably formed in every particular for the kind of service for which he designed her, being armed with six twelve pounders, and, thanks to the suggestion of his mother, who had learned by experience its value, a long thirty-two pounder amidship. She was manned and officered by a crew of Lovell's own choosing, and a gallant company they were. These were stirring times, and no chance for idleness; so Lovell, after settling matters with the agents at Boston, as to the division of prize money, prepared his vessel once more to meet the enemy. So after taking leave of his parents and home, he was on board his favorite the next day, and under a cloud of canvass, standing out to sea.

'My child,' said his mother as he was bidding her good bye, 'God grant that you may come home safe to our arms again, but be brave and cool in action, don't strike while you have a man to fight with, or a plank to stand on; fight with this spirit and you will conquer, though your enemy twice outnumbers you.'

'I think I have a little of your blood in my veins,' said the young officer, proudly—full well he knew his mother's story.

The mother of Lovell had not experienced the stirring events of her life without making an indelible impression upon her character, and consequently as she reared her boys, they too,

partook in no small degree of the characteristics of the mother. Thus Herbert and Frank were brave in every sense of the word, and both instinctively as it were, took to the navy. Frank then serving in the commissioned service, and Herbert preferring to try his fortune by himself. Frank was a Lieutenant on board the Constitution, in the memorable action with the British sloop of war of forty-nine guns, the Java, on the coast of Brazil, one of the fiercest battles of the whole war, being of nearly two hours duration. Nineteen men were killed and twenty-five wounded on the deck of the Constitution, while the Java lost sixty killed and more than an hundred wounded. Frank greatly distinguished himself in the action, and did not escape without a severe hip wound by splinter, but which was eventually of no lasting inconvenience. While the American Navy, though small, was achieving such victories as this, privateers, as we have said, were engaged in destroying the enemy's commerce and in capturing vessels often far superior to their own in point of tonnage and value. Nearly two hundred and fifty vessels, as history tells us, were captured and thousands of prisoners made upon the sea during the years of 1812, 13, 14.

Lovell bore out to sea, as we have said, but hardly had he fairly made an offing, when a large sloop-of-war was descried just off the weather bow. Herbert knew so well the swiftness of the little Skimmer, that he determined to venture near enough to get a look at the stranger. She proved to be the Shannon, British seventy-four, destined not long subsequent, to capture the United States frigate Chesapeake, in a most unequal contest. Herbert had no idea of running his little craft alongside of a seventy-four to be blown out of the water by a single broad-side, so he kept away as best he might, and before night-fall the cruiser was hull down, and his vessel safe from pursuit. Everything on board the Skimmer of the Seas was managed regular man-of-war style, and for her size she was probably the most efficient vessel afloat. Her whole complement of men might have been sixty, which, considering her size and how easily a vessel of her class is managed as to sails, was actually a very large complement of hands.

At break of day on the following morning, Herbert Lovell was called from his cabin with the intelligence that there was a sail in sight that appeared to be a square rigged merchantman. Hurrying upon deck, he found this to be the case, and it was evident from appearances that the stranger had not yet

discovered them. Every sail was instantly furled, yet lay loosely in the brails, to be shaken loose again at a moment's warning. On came the strange sail, on board which the watch was evidently very remiss, otherwise they should have made out the Skimmer before she had furled her snowy wings. The vessel as though by instinct seemed to crouch closer to the water, while the stranger came on, like a hound ready to leap upon its prey, when it should be sufficiently near.

That moment soon arrived, for on came the noble ship with everything set that would draw and evidently nearing the hostile port of Boston only to put herself under convoy of the Shannon, which was still known to be off the mouth of the harbor. Little did she anticipate an enemy in her course, and for this reason but a slack watch was kept upon her deck, and thus young Lovell's vessel had been undiscovered until the ship had got within little more than a couple of miles, when those on board of the Skimmer could see by the evident consternation prevailing among those who managed the stranger, that they had but just made out the schooner, and were putting about to try and escape.

'All hands make sail,' shouted Lovell through his trumpet, and in an instant the spars and ropes were manned at the word of command; so well was she disciplined, and handled, that the ship was covered with a cloud of canvass almost in an instant, and in another was throwing a mound of spray before her prow, with her lee scuppers fairly dipping.

'That's the sort,' said the boatswain of the Skimmer. 'Give us such a breeze as this, and we will outsail anything that floats.'

'Except the Vision,' suggested a sedate and respectable seaman by his side, and who had been one of Fanny Campbell's crew on board the Dolphin, and subsequently in the Vision.

'Why yes, I suppose we must give in to her,' said the boatswain, 'though for the matter of that, I'm thinking one will sail as fast as the other.'

'It may be that the Skimmer would keep up with her, but I have seen Mrs. Lovell handle her like a toy in a gale of wind and it did seem to me that we outsailed the storm.'

'That's a remarkable woman, the mother of our captain,' said the boatswain, 'and there are some hints about her that I should like to have explained to my understanding. I heard old Moll Pitcher up there at the Rock, throw out some queer ideas about her once. Why, messmate, she says that she com-

manded a regular man-of-war brig, and took half a dozen vessels during the course of the last war.'

'Whew! that old witch is always telling lies,' replied the seamen.

'What do you go and give her money for then every time we sail out of this harbor? tell me that, Jack.'

'Why do you see, I'd rather have the devil's good will than his ill, and then it's cheap bought at a dollar. Where's the seaman in these parts that don't get Moll's approval afore he sails?'

'True, she gets lots of shiners out of us tars.'

In the mean time the Skimmer of the Seas was fast overhauling the stranger, and having now got within range of her long gun amidships, it was pointed and fired at the stern of the ship. But it's a narrow mark after all at nearly a mile's distance, and the shot threw up the spray on her larboard side, and passed harmlessly by—another and another were equally unsuccessful—but the gunner at last got the true range, and a fourth shot went plump into the stern, raking the ship fore and aft, throwing splinters in every direction, and wounding the crew with those oftimes fatal missiles. The captain of the ship seeing that escape was out of the question, hove his ship to, but determined to fight her as long as there was a possibility of gaining anything by such means, and he even hoped to be able to beat the schooner off, if fortune favored him.

The ship was the Alert, of Liverpool, for Halifax, but by some error in her master's reckoning,she had made Boston light in the room of Halifax, and knowing that the Shannon was ordered to cruise off this port to intercept such vessels as might be going into port, or coming out of it, she designed at once to throw herself under the protection of the king's ship, being on the enemy's coast where privateers were know to abound. She was laden with valuable silk goods and pretty well armed for a trading craft, with a complement of thirty-four men, all told. She had four twelve pounders mounted upon her deck, and plenty of small arms and ammunition down below. The captain therefore, as we have said, resolved to fight for his vessel at least.

The Skimmer was soon alongside of the Alert, and Herbert Lovell summoned the captain to surrender, in the name of and to the flag of the United States.

'You must fight for my ship if you want her," replied the Alert through his trumpet.

'Ay, ay, that we will do,' replied Lovell, at the same time ordering his men to fire.

The guns of the Skimmer had all been brought to bear from the starboard side, and every shot told upon the hull and rigging of the ship with fearful accuracy, while the guns of the Alert, managed by unskilful and unpractised hands, did but comparatively little damage—This business could not last long, and the captain of the Alert had recourse to a ruse to aid his design in beating off the enemy. Suddenly the British flag was lowered as a token of submission on board the ship, and the firing instantly ceased on board the Skimmer. Lovell hauled his schooner off and lay by to repair damages, thinking it would be time enough to take care of his captured enemy after he had attended to his own convenience and necessities. The Skimmer of the Seas was at last in as good a trim and condition as at the time she left harbor, save the loss of a couple of men, and the wounding of three more. But it had consumed more than three hours in refitting, and in the mean time the English crew had not been idle. The captain had caused all the guns to be brought up from below, and to be double loaded, each man being supplied with one, besides a boarding-sword. Thus equipped, he determined to give his enemies a warm reception on their attempting to board him. A boat was soon despatched from Lovell's vessel, to board and take possession of the ship. The boat contained his first Lieutenant, one petty officer, and fifteen of his best men. The boat approached the side of the ship, where the captain stood apparently ready to deliver himself up to them. The Lieutenant and his followers were soon upon the deck. When the last man had left the boat save the two in charge of it, the captain of the Alert retreated to the quarter-deck of his ship, and stamping his foot, his crew immediately poured out of the companion-way, taking the Americans by surprise, who had not anticipated treachery. Each man fired his double charged gun, and nearly all together, causing instant death to two thirds of the boat's crew. The Lieutenant in command rallied the few left, and making a charge upon the treacherous enemy, killing four or five of them, but lost a man in so doing. Seeing the unequal character of the combat, he ordered his men to jump into the sea, and swim for the schooner which he also did.

Herbert Lovell seeing the commencement of the affair, lowered another boat and was about to board the ship in person, but meeting the returning Lieutenant and his men in the wa-

ter, he picked them up, and took the other boat in tow, and was soon again on board his own vessel. He spoke not a word concerning his intentions to even his officers, but immediately ordered the schooner to be put about, and stood away from the ship. He carefully noted the speed of his vessel, and the exact distance she made from the enemy, and just as the crew were beginning to remark to one another in surprise that the Skimmer of the Seas should be thus turned from an enemy, the word was given.

'Ready about!'

And in another moment the schooner lay broadside to the enemy, and at a distance out of the enemy's guns.

Lovell then ordered his long thirty-two pounder to be manned by some of the best marksmen in the schooner, with direction to fire into the ship until he should give them orders to desist. The enemy's crew had evidently calculated that the Americans were running away, and even fired one or two shots after the schooner, as if in derision, but they did not understand their situation.

Lovell, as we have said, ordered the guns to be fired until he should direct them to stop—and then went below, first to look after the wounded men, and then to take his mid-day meal. He had not long been seated at the table, when an officer coming below, announced that the enemy's foremast had gone by the board, and they were making every demonstration of having surrendered.

"Fire away!" said Lovell.

In a few minutes more the same officer came below to say that the Shannon had hove in sight, and was making for the scene of action.

'Fire away at the ship?' was the answer.

And the crew did 'fire away,' until the Alert was actually sinking, when her captain and four men, the only survivors of the crew that numbered thirty in the morning, took to their boat, and in ten minutes after, the Alert went down head foremost. Lovell determined to avenge the death of his brave comrades, and thus had done so. He had expected that the cannonading would bring down the British-man-of-war, which he knew lay not many miles off, and that if he took possession of the Alert, he would have to give her up again, so he sunk her where she lay. Then spreading his sails, he easily flew away from the Shannon, as she bore on her course to the scene of action, probably picking up the captain of the Alert and his four men.

CHAPTER II.

THE NIGHT WATCH UPON DECK.

Upon what can the eye rest with more satisfaction than upon the ocean in a calm? A pleasing mixture of land and water is a picture worth the copying, but that of the boundless heaving ocean, with a single sail upon its visible breast by moonlight, is lovely indeed. It was at this hour, on the night succeeding that of the late engagement, that the Skimmer of the Seas was still floating in the outer waters of Massachusetts Bay. She was barely under steerage way, carrying a foresail and jib only, whilst the wind was very light from the west. But few of the officers had retired to their berths, generally preferring those early out of port, to sit up and talk over the events of the past day. Forward on the forecastle of the Skimmer, the quiet orderly seamen were collected in a knot, at least those whose watch was upon deck, and some one sitting in their midst was spinning a yarn, that certain and constant source of amusement to Jack when at sea.

'I say, Clewline,' observed one, addressing the speaker, 'hold on a bit, and begin that yarn of yours again. I was forward there, when you set sail, coiling up a rope, so heave to,my boy, and begin again.'

'Ay, ay, if the rest say so, it's all the same to me, you know.'

'Take a fresh start,' said several voices at once.

'But, Clewline,' said another, 'the way you make sail on this cruise looks like gammon. Give us a true yarn at once.'

The fact was, Clewline was a most incorrigible wag, and would make sport and fun out of everything, and his messmates swore that he was always the wittiest when in action with the enemy, and that his best jokes were made when blood flowed the freest. Be this as it may, Clewline was a real wag, and when his turn arrived to spin a yarn, the men used to say: 'Stand by to reef at short notice, for there's squalls ahead.' Still Clewline kept his own counsel, and ever and anon, actually astonished his messmates, by the latitude he gave to his imagination, in story telling.

'Don't you interrupt me,' said Clewline to the speaker.

'Only steer a little by compass this time,' said another.

'Never you fear,' said another, 'when did Clewline spin a yarn that didn't make sport for us all?'

'Avast there, messmates, and give me a chance," said Clewline. 'It was down there in the low latitudes, where the islands bear the sweetest and best fruit, that I was cruising in one of His Majesty's men-of-war, where I had been impressed from a whale ship out of New Bedford, when I picked up the information that I'm going to give you. We were on our cruising ground, and our rascally captain had his orders to impress all the American seamen he could make any excuse for nabbing, and do ye see it was this very business, as you all know, that has at last brought on another war with the British —curse their eyes—I don't owe them any good will, seeing they gave me a good many round dozens for refusing to do duty on board a ship I never enlisted in.

'There was a queer chap on board the ship, a sort of half-witted fellow, who was made the butt of all the crew; but for all that, he had some good points, and in any affair of bodily strength, could outdo most any two men of the whole crew. Once he made a bet, or I once made a bet on him, and paid him for doing the thing, that Supple, as he was called, could jump from the main-mast head of the frigate and bring up bottom when he rose to the surface of the water; and hang me, messmates, if he didn't do it.'

'What, and brought up bottom at sea?' asked one.

'To be sure, and that in fifty fathoms of water!'

'W-h-e-w,' whistled the quarter-master, who had leaned himself against the mast hard by, and was listening.

'Is that the end of your yarn, Clewline?'

'The end? I haven't begun yet—though to say the truth, I might take off a few fathoms from the depth that Supple brought up bottom from, and I say this,' continued Clewline, 'because that which I'm going to tell you about this poor fellow is absolutely true.' Clewline's messmates began to stare, for the gravity with which he announced this, convinced them, one and all, that he was really about to tell the truth for once, at least.

'Good, Clewline,' said several of his comrades, delighted at the prospect of having the truth for once from his lips.

'Well, do you see, messmates, one day the captain (who, by the bye, was a queer fellow, being deaf in one ear, blind of one eye, and lame of one leg, seeing he lost it in battle!) sent Supple into one of the quarter boats that was towing at the stern. Well, down goes Supple, and he hadn't got fairly in the boat before up springs a big shark from the sea, right on to the side

of the boat, and seizing Supple by the middle, bit him in two, and both halves of the fellow disappeared almost instantly, down the shark's maw; she was a tremendous big fish, and so ended the life of poor Supple.'

'Well, that may be true,' said one.

'May? To be sure it may, and it is true,' said Clewline, 'but that isn't the whole story by any manner of means.'

'Well, fire away, then,' said the other.

'We kept on our course, for it was no use to try to save poor Supple, seeing he was inside the shark, but some of the crew swore that they would give the fish a dose of pills that would physic him to his heart's content, and so they hit upon the following plan:

'You see these infernal man eaters follow in the wake of every ship they can find, and stand by to catch up everything that may fall from the sides, be it man or boy, wood or iron, and thus the sailors in these latitudes, live in constant dread and expectation of being swallowed up, half at a time, on the shortest notice. The rascals will stick to a ship sometimes for weeks, and I have known one stay by for a month, following us at last to the very mouth of the harbor of the port we were making. Well, it was just so with this great fish that swallowed up poor Supple; he was always in sight night and day, but avoided all our attempts to spear him somehow or other, for we never got a chance to wound him at all. Well, the men gave him the pills they had promised, by throwing over a couple of thirty-two gun shot. No sooner were they over than the shark snapped them up and swallowed them, apparently just as well satisfied as though each had been a young baby. The men didn't like this very well, and so determined to give him his physic hot. So the cook's galley was called into requisition, and a thirty-two gun shot was heated red hot, and thrown over to the shark, who swallowed it as quickly as he had done the cold ones, or as he would do anything else, but, do you see, it wouldn't stay swallowed, cause why? It went through his belly, burning a passage for itself! But you see they are a most determined fish, and, will you believe it, messmates? He turned and swallowed the ball again!'

'W-h-e-w,' uttered the quarter-master again from the stand he had taken. His place in the ship as quarter-master, would not admit of his sitting, and mingling promiscuously with the crew, and therefore he stood a little by himself, yet listening to the talk.

'Look here, Bill Clewline,' said one of his messmates, what's the use of skurry-funging now. You promised to tell us a true yarn, and what sort of stuff is this!'

'True as the gospel,' said Clewline, confidently, 'but if you wont believe this, there's no use in my going on, for it isn't half so queer as the rest of the affair, I can tell you.'

'O, never mind,' said one or two, 'go on, and let us have it any way, true or false. Go ahead, Clewline.'

'No, but I wont, if you don't believe me.'

And the only way that the affair could be settled to his satisfaction, and so that he would go on with his yarn, was that they should take a vote, which they did, that they believed that his yarn was true, making allowance for unintentional mistakes!

'Well,' continued Clewline, at last, 'as I said, the fish didn't stop swallowing that shot until it had run through him nearly a dozen times. Well, still he followed the ship, and once in a while, when the men wanted to make some sport, they would heat a shot red hot, and the fish would swallow it just the same way until the hole got to be as large, I mean where it burned through his belly, as a small child's head. One day I was sent into the same tag-boat that poor Supple was taken out of by the shark, and for the same purpose, I believe that he went down. Well, we were standing off and on, near the Sandwich Islands, and though the sharks abound here, yet this big rascal that stuck so close to us, drove all the rest away and took the whole field to himself, as they say on shore. I wasn't much afraid of him, for says I to myself, if he swallows me he shall do it whole, and if I get inside of him, I'll kick up a rebellion inside, that shall come Jonah over him.

'Down I went as I was ordered, into the little tag-boat, and I took my seat to bail her out, just as poor Supple had done before, but I hadn't set there long when I felt the fin of the rascal rubbing across the keel of the boat, as if reconnoitering his party. That meant me, you see, so I just took the short oar in my hand that lay in the boat, and one of the seat boards in the other, and so said I to myself, "go it, old boy; if you are up to sport, I'm your man.—" Well, do you see, I rather guess the shark calculated he had got a customer this time, for he swam round the boat a good many times before he came up to the side, and the crew called out to me to be on my guard. Well, at last he backed off a bit, and making a rush towards the boat, threw himself half on his side with his mouth wide

open. I saw that it was all up with me, so I just clapped the seat board into his mouth crossways, and pinned it open. Then, do you see, I jumped down his throat with the oar, and taking out the seat from his mouth so that he could shut it to keep the water out, I felt quite at home. I looked round in there awhile, to see if I could find any of poor Supple's bones, but I only saw some of the buttons of his jacket, and stowed away in one corner was his jack-knife. I took the knife and cut a small square nearly through the shark's side, so as to make it a little lighter, and that I might see where I was, and the ——'

'Avast there,' said one of the men who appeared to have taxed his credulity to the utmost, 'hold on a bit, and let me up anchor; I can't stand this squall anyhow.'

'Hold on a bit, let him go ahead,' said two or three together.

'Just as you say, messmates,' said Clewline, indifferently, and waiting to be urged before he commenced again. The fact was, he saw full well, by the gaping mouths and staring eyes of the crew, that they would rather lose a day's grog than have him stop, and so he felt pretty independent of them.

'Never mind, Clewline, go ahead,' said one.

Yes, go ahead, curse his impudence,' said another.

'O, well, if you want me to,' said Clewline, 'all's right.'

'Well, as I was saying, I cut a place so that I could see through the shark's hide, and after taking an observation, and seeing my messmates gaping at the fish in silent horror, at the idea of his having swallowed already two of the crew, I thought I would not like to stop too long in such quarters. So, do you see, messmates, I just run my oar out of the shot hole that the red-hot thirty-two pounders had made, and sculled myself and the fish ashore!'

'W-h-e-w!' again cried the quarter-master.

'That's too bad, Clewline,' said another, 'who will believe such a yarn as that?'

'O, it's all the same to me,' said the incorrigible tar. 'I only wanted to give you a bit of my history, and something I could vouch for as true, and now if any man says it isn't true, I'll lick him, that's all.'

This knock-down argument at least had the effect of silencing all doubts, if it did not convince his hearers, who knew very well that Bill Clewline was a good boxer, and that it would not do to cross him when he was 'up' as they called it.

'Well, how did you get out of the shark at last?' asked one.

'O, I cut a door and walked out after I had got him high and dry on the shore, and in a few hours after, I was taking grub with the rest of my mess, who voted me to be more than a match for any shark that ever swam in blue water.'

Clewline had told his messmates a tough story, but no more improbable a one than you folks who live upon the land, are often called on to believe. A story now-a-days must have a touch of romance in it, or it will not go down at all.

'Forward there, the watch,' hailed the officer of the deck, just at the moment that Clewline had concluded his tale.

'Stand by to lower the foresail.'

'Ay, ay, sir.'

'Lower away.'

'Lower away,' repeated the quarter-master.

Nor was this movement accomplished one moment too quick, for there was one of those white squalls that spring up in these latitudes, coming down from the northeast, and before the jib was lowered and the schooner put before it, the force of the wind struck her, causing the graceful form of the Skimmer of the Seas to bend, till her topsail yards touched the water, while her men clung to the deck to retain their places.

'That lieutenant of ours is a smart fellow,' said the gunner, who was in Bill Clewline's watch. 'I don't believe the man at the helm or anybody else saw that squall coming up but him.'

'He's always wide awake,' said the quartermaster.

'Leave Henry Herbert in charge of the deck,' said the gunner, 'and every other eye in the vessel may sleep in safety.'

'I'll endorse that,' said the quarter-master, recovering himself from the attitude the first shock had thrown him into.

And, reader, let us tell thee for thine own information, that this Herbert was the oldest son of honest Jack Herbert, who had so long and so faithfully served the interests of Fanny Campbell, the Female Pirate Captain, and now his son was the first lieutenant to Fanny's oldest child.

It was owing to his watchful care, at this time, while officer of the deck, that the Skimmer of the Seas was not thrown on her beam-ends. The squall had come up without hardly a moment's notice, and, from a gentle westerly breeze, the wind chopped suddenly round to the north-east. The sea at once became a troubled and angry mass, and ere an hour had passed, a regular gale of wind was blowing from the point just indicated, the rain, and the heavy waves each apparently capped

with balls of fire, dashed with fearful force against the schooner.

Captain Lovell, aroused by the force of the storm, soon appeared upon deck, and beheld at once the danger around him.

'How bears Boston light?' was his first question of the lieutenant.

'West by north, sir.'

'Bad, bad,' said the captain, 'we have no offing at all."

'We might eat our way a little to the eastward, sir, with our jib and foresail reefed,' suggested the lieutenant.

'She would not bear the foresail with this wind for a single minute, Mr. Herbert; you may try the jib, though, and at once, for we must keep well off here, or run into the rock of Cohassett. Do you see, sir, how we drift to leeward? Hurry the men forward there."

The order was soon given and as quickly executed, for setting the jib, and the sail was soon groaning with the force borne against it.

'How's the tide, Mr. Herbert?'

'For us, sir, but the wind is so strong that I think we drift in shore.'

'Keep her close, my man,' said the captain to him at the helm, 'closer than that, sir. Keep your eye on the jib, and see that it barely fills, there so, keep her thus. Mind your helm strictly, sir.'

It was a critical moment on board the Skimmer of the Seas. The storm it seemed must inevitably blow her on shore, unless she was able to weather a certain point that now lay just ahead of them, and which would require her to sail for nearly two miles, in the wind's eye as it were, to accomplish their object, but the schooner, as if it understood the cause there was for caution, obeyed every turn of her rudder, and worked nobly up to windward of the point in question.

'Now would I give six months' prize money,' said the captain, 'if I were but one mile to windward of this very spot. It will be little less than a miracle if we weather that rock point.'

'The schooner is doing nobly, sir,' said the lieutenant, encouragingly.

'True, true, keep her closer, sir, close as you can," he added to the helmsman.

The flapping of the jib every now and then, told how very close in the wind the schooner was kept, and all still hoped she

might do well, but the meanest man on board, as to his capacity in seamanship, understood at once the danger and its extent. But all were as still as death itself; each one relied confidently upon the guidance of the captain, who, calm and collected, now assumed the tiller with his own hand, and while he issued his orders, steered the vessel with the utmost skill and judgment. On, on, she flew rather than sailed, and each moment drawing nearer, perhaps, to inevitable destruction; but still Lovell gave his orders coolly and with judgment. At this trying moment, the black and frowning heads of the rocks began to make their appearance above the water, and not more than an hundred yards from the schooner's hull, while the vessel was crowded close upon the wind, so much so as to make scarcely an inch of headway, all the while straining to her very centre at the force of the storm. There was perhaps five minutes that no one could tell wehther she was moving or not,save, if there was any alteration in her place, she was still nearer the rocks, when one of the men, a Scotchman by birth, stepping to one of the quarter boats, began to prepare to lower it into the sea, as if for escape to the shore. It was some moments before the captain observed him, but he saw him at last, and in a voice which, although it was very low, might be heard fore and aft, in all the storm, asked:

'What are you doing there, sir?'

'Getting ready to lower,' said the man.

'Leave the davits,' said the captain.

'It's the best chance for getting safe on shore,' said the man, doggedly.

One or two new hands who had lately been shipped on board the schooner, seemed inclined to follow the Scotchman's example, and began to collect about the spot where he stood, holding on as they best could.

'Will you leave that boat?' said the captain, calmly addressing himself to the Scotchman, who had set the example.

'Number one is my motto,' said the man, still at work.

Captain Lovell drew a pistol from his breast with one hand, while with the other he still steered the schooner on her course.

'Stay, sir,' he said again, 'will you obey orders?'

'Each man for himself, and God for us all,' replied the man.

The next moment the pistol flashed in the captain's hand, and the Scotcman fell overboard into the sea just as he was

about to loose the block ropes that held the boat in its place.

Still the captain coolly steered the beautiful craft that seemed to be struggling so determinedly against the spirits of the storm.

Those who had been partially tempted from their duty, by the example of the Scotchman, returned to duty. The decisive moment had arrived, the schooner was passing the rocks and the crew could have thrown a biscuit upon them, the officers and men held their breath, and in the next moment a simultaneous shout broke from their mouths as the point was safely passed, and the Skimmer of the Seas shot out safely to seaward.

'God be praised,' said Lovell, fervently, handing the tiller to an old tar that was called to take charge of it.

'The boat worked charmingly, sir,' said the lieutenant.

'I doubt if there is another vessel afloat that could have weathered this wind, and at our starting place when the jib was set upon the schooner; one moment later, and we should all have found a watery grave.'

'True, sir, but with your skill and promptness, joined with the blessing of Heaven, we have been delivered from a great danger.'

The wind and storm, as if they had done mischief enough, now abated, just as morning broke in the eastern horizon, and before the sun rose from repose there was a clear blue sky to receive him. The crew of the Skimmer of the Seas missed one from the number of their mess, but few, if any, blamed the captain for his promptness in support of discipline, for had his authority been disregarded at that moment, and the vessel in any way diverted from its course, all must have inevitably been lost among the raging breakers so close at hand. The crew realized this, and here were some arguments adduced to convince one or two who were a little inclined to blame Captain Lovell for his prompt punishment of the offender, which would weigh down a heap of humane talk that landsmen sometimes make use of, relative to severity of prompt punishment at sea.

If there is any situation in the whole world where it is absolutely and imperatively necessary that the inferior should be made to render the strictest obedience to the orders of his superior, it is on shipboard and at sea, when disobedience in the most trifling matter may lead to the most disastrous results.

It is necessary that the strictest degree of respect should also be exacted and rendered, for unless the captain of the ship is absolutely master of his vessel, he is no commander at all. Rank, blood-thirsty mutiny has commenced by a lenient act on the part of an officer, and to give way in most trifling particulars, as it regards the matter of maintaining discipline, is to invite such disobedience. We know that the public were for a long time doubtful whether to censure or praise the conduct of a certain officer in our navy, who not long since adopted the most summary justice in a case of mutiny, and hung one of his officers at the yard arm—but credit was due to the officer for the promptness of his conduct on that occasion, and we are happy to know that the public are now ready to award it. Certain it is that no situation seems more to justify the maintenance of strict and rigid discipline than on shipboard ; and the enforcement of it, by the officers, will not unfrequently be attended by circumstances calculated to call forth all the moral hardihood and decision of which a ship officer is capable. But just in proportion as a steady discipline is secured, are the whole detail of duties on shipboard efficient and straight forward. A vacillating, temporizing enforcement of duty, and negligence of implicit deference to order, not only fails to secure the respect of Jack Tar, but awakens his disgust for those placed over him. Unflinching discipline, coupled with mild self-possession, gives the quarter deck the majesty of a throne to every true sailor.

CHAPTER III.

THE FIGHT AND BLOODY CONTEST.

From boisterous ravings the ocean had subsided into gentle heavings, the storm that had raged the previous night had soon almost entirely subsided, and the Skimmer of the Seas was gracefully rising and falling on the yet uncalmed bosom of the deep. They might have been three or four leagues from Cape Ann, seaward, having as we have seen weathered the rocky point of the opposite side of the bay, in the most miraculous manner. As Captain Lovell came upon deck after a four hour's sleep, the lookout aloft, hailing the deck, said :

'Sail, ho !'

'Where away ?'

'On our larboard beam, sir, just in the lay of the land.'

Can you make her out ?'

She looks for all the world, sir, just as though it was the reflection of the Skimmer of the Seas in the water.'

'What do you mean by that ?'

'Why she's rigged just like us, sir.'

'Ay, ay, I make her out now,' said the officer of the deck, handing the glass to Captain Lovell, and at the same time directing its range to the object.

'By Heavens, Mr. Herbert, the fellow is our twin-sister.'

'He does indeed look wonderfully like us, sir.'

'Do you know any vessel of our tonnage in these waters, that might be hereaway at this time ?' asked the captain of his second in command.

'None, sir.'

'How beautiful she sits upon the water.'

'Like a duck,sir.'

'I'll lay my head the fellow's a smuggler or a pirate,' said the captain, examining him closely through the glass.

'For one I had rather fight an honest enemy than a rogue,' said the lieutenant. 'If he's a pirate, we shall burn our fingers if we touch him.'

'The Skimmer of the Seas is not used to run away from anything not a third larger than herself,' said the captain, significantly.

'True, sir, I hope you will not understand me to counsel that we shoule run away ; no, no, sir, I did but wish to be cautious.'

'I know you full well, Herbert, and a braver officer there is not on shipboard, in the service of the States.'

'Thank you, sir, I thought you could not misunderstand me.'

'Well, bear up, Mr. Herbert, and get a nearer look at that stranger.'

The strange sail lay more in shore than the Skimmer of the Seas, by nearly a couple of miles. It was a little singular what she was doing there, and as it was known that goods were not unfrequently smuggled in at this time along the coast, Lovell came to the conclusion that it might be some craft engaged in this business ; as he neared her and got a fair view, he was strengthened in his opinion, but yet somewhat surprised to find the stranger so well armed and manned. As he came by

she spread her wings one by one, leisurely, and bore out to sea, showing to Lovell that if he hoped to keep within sight of her, he must crowd his own vessel with every inch of canvass she could bear. The speed of the stranger really seemed most wonderful, and Lovell was forced to acknowledge to himself, that it was doubtful whether the fast sailing Skimmer of the Seas could hold her own beside this new sail. He made the usual signals signifying that he would speak to her, but she answered them not, nor indeed heeded at all, apparently, the neighborhood of Lovell's schooner; no flag had been shown, and Lovell determined to draw this at least from the silent vessel, but the gun he fired did not produce the desired effect, while he could perceive that the stranger was absolutely widening the distance between them, though very slowly, yet it was perfectly apparent to the whole crew that this was the case.

'Mr. Herbert, I was not prepared for this, to see anything that floats walking away from our schooner in this fashion.'

'I am greatly puzzled, sir. The craft must be steered by Davy Jones himself, it has such singular speed.'

Man or devil, he knows his power,' said the captain, 'for see how careless he notes our signal, and bears away as though he did not see us at all. I declare, Mr. Herbert, I will have an understanding with that fellow, unless he's determined to show us his stern.'

'He would leave us hull down at this rate of sailing, before nightfall,' said the Lieutenant.

'Give him a shot just over his quarter, Mr. Herbert.'

'Ay, ay, sir,' said the Lieutenant, springing to the forward part of the schooner to point the gun himself.

'Ready there forward?'

'All ready, sir.'

'Steady then—fire!'

The shot was aimed with precision, and the effect upon the stranger was like that of magic. The ball had passed through the broad field of the mainsail, and buried itself in the sea far to the windward. Scarcely had the smoke cleared away from the Skimmer's deck, when the roll of a drum on board the stranger was heard, calling her people to quarters, while her sails one by one were quickly brailed to the masts, and the vessel itself hove to, awaiting the coming down of Lovell's schooner.

We have waked him up at last, Mr. Herbert.'

'Yes, sir, and he appears to be in earnest.'

'No doubt of that, but we will be prepared for him; send our folks to quarters, silence, and see that everything is in readiness for action, for unless I am much mistaken, the fellow is a pirate or at best a smuggler.'

The order was followed by the stirring notes of the drum beating to quarters on board the Skimmer of the Seas, whose people promptly obeyed the summons. The two schooners neared each other, or rather the Skimmer came up with the stranger, who was now lying to, hand over hand. Having come within hailing distance, Lovell also hove his schooner to, and hailing the stranger, he asked 'what vessel it was, and where bound.'

'The Pathfinder, bound on her own business,' was the reply.

'I hold a commission of the United States,' said Lovell, 'and unless you give me a satisfactory account of your vessel, I shall fire into her.'

'Two can play at that game,' said the stranger.

'Will you send your boat on board of us, with your papers?'

No.'

Do you know the alternative?'

Neither of us may know the result.'

'I give you five minutes to send your boat and papers on board of my vessel, and at the expiration of that time, if you have not done so, the consequences be on your own head. I'm in earnest, sir.'

The subsequent five minutes on board of both vessels was occupied in making ready everything for the contest, that now seemed inevitable. The two schooners were nearly if not exactly the same tonnage; their armament was the same, and, judging from appearances, they were equally strongly manned. If equal courage should be displayed, it was indeed doubtful which might prove the victor, when both were so nearly alike in every capacity. As yet the stranger had shown no flag, but from the Skimmer of the Seas, the stars and stripes were proudly waving, as if awaiting the coming fight. The five minutes had expired, and Lovell determined to give no further warning, but being well convinced, in his own mind, as to the character of his enemy, he resolved to gain all the advantage he could, by beginning the fight and having the advantage of the first broadside. Consequently the order was given, and almost at the same instant all six of the Skimmer's twelve pounders were discharged into the enemy, backed by the long

thirty-two amidships, which had been loaded to the muzzle with grape and canister, while to render the broadside more effective, the starboard guns had been charged so as to command the enemy's deck on the larboard side. The stranger evidently anticipated more delay, and though the sudden discharge of every gun on board of the Skimmer disconcerted him for a moment, both from the fact that it was unexpected, and also the havoc it caused upon his deck, yet he recovered in a moment, and the orders were issued as cooly, and with as much promptness on board as with Lovell himself. As soon as the fight had commenced, the stranger had run up a flag which bore the device of a thistle upon a white field, the only emblem he displayed. It appeared to be indicative of no nationality of character, though in part the flag of the Scotch, but Lovell interpreted it as much as to say, I am an independent rover, and trouble no one who does not trouble me—but touch me and I sting!

The conflict was of the most sanguinary character; scarcely had the fighting commenced when it fell perfectly calm, and neither vessel was able to come to close quarters. This was earnestly desired by Lovell, at least, who had now lost many of his bravest and best men in the conflict, besides the fire of his enemy was directed, with fearful accuracy at his spars and rigging. On board of the enemy, the havoc was absolutely terrible, and his scuppers were running with blood. At length Lovell ordered the aim of all his guns to be concentrated upon one point, and even overseeing their aiming himself, pointing the six and thirty-two midships at the base of the enemy's mainmast. All were fired together, shaking the fabric of the Skimmer of the Seas to its centre. On board the stranger the effect was terrible indeed, the mast went by the board, while the destruction of his people was appalling. Until this effort, the fight had seemed to have gone on equally destructive to both, but now it was very apparent to Lovell that he had gained an essential advantage, and encouraging his men he followed it up by renewed effort, until he saw the white flag of the stranger lowered in token of submission. The firing instantly ceased, but it was many minutes before the smoke rolled away sufficiently to enable the crew of each vessel to discover the crippled state of the other. Neither of them was much better than a perfect wreck.

'Do you surrender?' hailed Lovell.

'On one condition.'

'It must be unconditional.'

'I shall go down fighting, then,' was the reply.

Lovell marked the tone of voice in which this was said—he considered the crippled and exhausted state of his crew, and he felt that he himself was forced to parley at any rate.

'Name the terms,' he said, through this trumpet, to the stranger.

'You may send on board and take what you please, with a couple of prisoners, all we have; but each man is to be unmolested, and myself and the schooner allowed to depart within the hour.'

'What! leave you afloat to do more mischief? Never.'

'I know your crippled state, it needs but half an eye to see that, and if you want better terms you must fight for them. Fortune has favored you in this contest, but I will blow up my vessel where she lays, before she shall fall into other hands than mine.'

Lovell consulted with his officers, saw with sorrow the list of killed and wounded which embraced more than half his men, and it was determined that the stranger's terms should be accepted.

'What proof have I of your keeping your faith?' asked Lovell.

'You are brave men, come and take what you want, you outnumber me.'

Two well armed boat's crews were sent to board the enemy, while every gun was pointed at her deck, from on board the Skimmer of the Sea, to guard against treachery. They landed and soon possessed themselves of a large amount of specie and other valuables, and took on board their booty, also a male and female prisoner, both Americans, whom they found on board.

The stranger proved to be a bold smuggler, who carried on his trade for many years with impunity, and who, in a late excursion on shore, had made prisoners of the two liberated persons, more for his own security than for any other purpose. Colonel Cunningham, being an officer of the customs and residing, during the summer months, near Marblehead, where the smuggler landed his goods, had accidentally discovered the schooner and the crew in the very act, at the same time being seen by the smugglers, they secured him, and his daughter, who was walking with him at the time, and determined to retain them in confinement until they should have run one more

cargo, when they proposed to release them, and quit the coast forever. Thus were the two prisoners found on board the smuggler.

Lovell found that had he not passed his word to permit the smuggler and his vessel to depart, he should have been obliged to do so, for he had not sufficient men to take and man her, even if the captain did not put into execution his threat, which was altogether probable he would do, of blowing her up where she lay, before he would give her up to an enemy. Shortly after the boats returned to the Skimmer of the Seas, a breeze sprung up, and both vessels, after making a few hasty and necessary repairs, made sail in opposite directions. The smuggler with his disabled craft seaward, and Lovell, with his booty, and liberated prisoner, towards the harbor.

Colonel Cunningham and his daughter were indeed happy, to be relieved from a confinement so horrible as that on board the smuggler. True, they had been subjected to no particular insult, but the quarters assigned them were of the most indifferent character, and they were not unfrequently compelled to listen to the fierce discussion of the lawless crew that surrounded them. Now, how different was their lot; Captain Lovell had relinquished his cabin to the beautiful Lucy Cunningham, while her father shared the berths in the ship with the lieutenant, and every comfort was afforded both that the vessel could supply.

Lucy Cunningham was hardly fifteen years of age, and yet you would have pronounced her eighteen, so perfect was her form, so finished the mild and polished manners, so refined was the brilliant and cultivated mind of the lovely girl. She was round in person, and the fullness of her delicate tinted cheeks was a perfect aggravation to behold, until you heard the soft and sweet melody of her voice, and the purity and beauty of her ideas—then the eye lost in part its activity, and the soul drank deep and copious draughts from the fountain of innocence and beauty. Her large and lustrorus eyes were shaded most lovingly, by eyelashes of a most enviable length, and her dark auburn hair was just the shade that her soft and delicate complexion required to render it perfect in effect. All unconscious, or at least thoughtless of her beauty, she was the most unaffected and truthful girl in speech and manner, that Lovell had ever beheld. She was an only daughter, and the pride and devotion of her father, who had, years since, lost the companion of his bosom.

Colonel Cunningham was a man of standing, and held the responsible office of chief of the customs for the district of Massachusetts. He was a man of stern integrity, yet of the most devoted affection to his child; he was highly respected and esteemed, by those who knew him, both politically and in private, and Lovell had been fortunate enough to do the state no small service in his release from the smuggler.

Of Lucy Cunningham, if we say that Lovell was at once struck with love for her, it will but faintly express the truth; the fact was, he was perfectly entranced with the lovely girl, and ingenious were the pretexts and delays that he might enjoy a few hours more of her dear society. Lucy could not but be pleased with such devoted attention as the brave Captain Lovell showed her, and she opened to him the inmost thoughts of her soul, though all unconsciously to herself, and electrified him with the fire of her lovely eyes, though all unwittingly. She was too young to have received much attention from the other sex, and her gentle heart all unoccupied, was fast making room for Lovell within its swelling bounds, while he each hour became more and more a perfect slave to her unequalled loveliness of person and of mind.

The Skimmer of the Seas had been much crippled in the late contest, and her progress to port was very slow. It was at the close of the third day after the action, that they entered the Boston harbor, just as the sun was setting in the west, fringing and dyeing the clouds, that clustered together about the retiring monarch of the day, with varied and brilliant hues. Lovell and Lucy stood on the quarter deck.

"My dear Miss Cunningham, I feel a strange void in my heart as I near the shore, for I realize that I am about to lose the charm of your society.'

'In the first place, Captain Lovell, don't call me Miss again; if we are to be friends, and I should think you had rendered father and me a service that would make us so at least for a whole lifetime; and then as to the charms of my society, why, I shall put down one black mark against your flattery.'

'Do you think me capable of it?'

'Indeed I do not,' said she quickly, seeing the disheartened air with which Lovell had asked her question.

'Thank you,' he said pressing her hand. 'I fear it may be a long time before we meet again; my profession is a rough one, and keeps me far from home, and I fear unfits me in some degree for such gentle companionship as thine; but, dear Lucy,

I shall think constantly of you, and hope for the time when we shall meet again. May I hope that you will sometimes remember the rough captain of the Skimmer of the Seas?'

'Indeed I shall,' said Lucy, the tears starting to her eyes in spite of herself.

'Ah! Lucy—dear Lucy—may I speak without offence, and tell how dearly I love you? You will, I know you will, forgive my boldness. There are others who would do it more gently, dearest, but none that would speak more sincerely. From the moment you trod the deck of my vessel I loved you, and from that moment it has grown upon me till I know no other feeling, and I must, I cannot help speaking; I know, dear Lucy, that you are very young, but a child in years; but oh! may I hope that as you grow older, and have more experience in the world, that you will return my affection?'

Her only answer was an increased heaving of her gentle breast, and a smothered sigh that came direct from the heart.

'Pray speak to me, Lucy; we have but a few moments that we can pass together, perhaps for many long months. Lucy, one word.'

'Captain Lovell,' she said with an effort to become composed, 'I am young in years, but have perhaps gained experience beyond my years. I will not affect to misunderstand you, nor will I multiply words upon a subject so dear to every woman's heart; this would not be the place or time for such a thing. There is my hand; and with it goes a sacred promise! shall I say more?'

As she said this she looked up into his eyes as if asking for an exchange of confidence. Lovell gazed upon her thus for a single moment, and said:

'He who would deceive you, Lucy, would be worthy of death.'

Conducting her to the cabin, he was soon busily piloting his schooner into the harbor of Boston, and to her mooring near the pier, and ere long Colonel Cunningham was ready to embark for the shore.

'Something warmer than mere thanks, Captain Lovell, must be my reward for your gallantry,' said the father. 'You know I have influence—ask what you will in my power, I shall be proud to grant it to you.'

'Thanks, kind sir,' said Lovell, 'the gratification of saving you and your daughter is ample pay to me for so slight a service as it has been my good fortune to render. Still, sir, I may

one day ask a favor of you, but it will be some time hence—years, perhaps.'

Colonel Cunningham did not understand to what or whom he alluded, but replied that it would give him joy to serve Lovell in any way.

Captain Lovell pressed Lucy's hand to his lips as they parted, and soon the father and child were safe in their own home. Lovell was necessarily detained some weeks in port during the repairs of the schooner, and these hours were employed to the utmost by him in cultivating his intimacy at the house of Col. Cunningham. Each day his love became more earnest, and time cemented the affection of both. Even Colonel Cunningham himself began to suspect how matters were between his daughter and Captain Lovell, and from his silence, apparently gave assent. At last his vessel was completely repaired, and was so reported to the department, who renewed his letters of marque, and advised his immediate departure to sea. Lovell felt that duty called him from the side of his dear Lucy, and he prepared to depart.

'This war cannot last long, dear Lucy,' said Lovell, at parting, 'and when peace is declared, I shall come to claim your hand—we will both pray for the coming of that hour, dearest.'

'I shall pray for it with a two-fold reason, dear Lovell, it will bring thee home from danger as well as to me.'

'Thanks, dearest.'

'Farewell, dear Lovell.'

'Fare thee well, dear Lucy.

And they parted. Little did each think at that moment that aught save perfect happiness was in store for them. It is fortunate for us all that we cannot read the pages of the future, else how intolerable would life become. As it is, the sweet manna of hope is now the chief food of our joy, whereas, could we unveil the future and look forward, rough and unseemly certainty would cloud the sunshine of the heart, and render life itself a burthen.

Captain Lovell felt no uneasiness at leaving Lucy Cunningham, although surrounded by all the gaiety of the town, and many a gallant officer both in the army and the navy. He felt that in her simple assurance of constancy to him, he had received her heart, and this contented him. He judged her affection by his own, and in so doing, accorded to her a sincerity no trial could affect. He had now a fresh incentive to glory, and also to the acquiring of prize money, for although his portion

of his parents' property would be of no mean amount, yet he would swell that for Lucy's sake, and make it a fortune worthy of so peerless a gem.

Fresh hands now shipped—the schooner was completely renovated, and Lovell put to sea with a light heart, and a determination to climb as high the ladder of fame for her sake whom he loved as fortune would help him to do. His first lieutenant—Herbert, of whom we have taken occasion to speak, while in town, and awaiting the repairs of the Skimmer of the Seas, became acquainted with a lady who won his heart, and whom he he found it as hard to leave as Lovell had done to part with Lucy. Herbert was a free and generous-hearted young man and deserved just such a kind heart as that which he had found.

Kate Mowbray was the daughter of a proud old Englishman who had early removed to America, but who still retained his aristocratic notions relative to family, and although Henry Herbert, in a pecuniary point of view, would be well off in the world, yet as he he had no ancestry to boast of, Kate knew full well that her father would object to the match, and this she did not hesitate to tell him. But he still loved on, and told her that they would hope for the best. His rank and profession had gained him entrance to the best society in town, and thus he had become acquainted with Kate Mowbray, whose affections he was not long in winning. The situation of his affections was far less happy in prospect than those of Lovell, but the future may strangely change them both.

These young officers, Lovell and his lieutenant, were bound together by the friendship that existed between their parents, and this new situation of both when discovered to each other served as another link to bind them in friendship; for joy or misery love company alike, and each was rejoiced to find in the other a companion similarly situated as regarded their affections.

Thus the Skimmer of the Seas took two of her chief officers to sea, and left their hearts on shore. A gallant crew manned her, and she was as gallant a boat as the heart of a sailor could desire.

CHAPTER IV.

MATTERS ON SHORE—THE YACHT EXCURSION.

Come with us, kind and courteous reader, and while we leave Lovell and the Skimmer of the Seas to pursue their course in search of adventures, we will tarry on land, and learn of the well-being and home of Lucy Cunningham, the beautiful robber of Lovell's heart. It has been a gay night in her father's house, and it is nearly daybreak. It is three months after the separation of Lovell, and the birthnight of Lucy; she is now but fifteen years of age, yet as we have before said, you would have declared her eighteen, for there was no womanly grace she did not possess. In her own room alone, save that she was assisted by her faithful maid-servant, Jenny, who now helped her to undress before retiring, sat Lucy.

'Dear me, Missus,' said the girl, with the license of her office, 'how the gentlemen did stare at you to-night.'

'That is no new thing, Jenny.'

'No, Missus, but you broke all their hearts to-night. I heard that tall, black-whiskered man say you was an angel.'

'I'd rather any other one had said it, Jenny, had I a choice at all, for to my mind, the fellow is out of place among gentlemen.'

'Why, they call him captain, Missus.'

'I know they do, and he has prevailed upon father to take a trip to the coast light-houses with him, under pretext of showing him the speed of his boat, but father shall not go without me, and besides, the fellow asked if I wouldn't like to accompany them.'

'Then, Missus, there was Col. Demming, he stood and sighed all the evening, looking at you.'

'Fie, fie, Jenny, you would kill a regiment in half an hour at this rate,' said Lucy, then turning aside, she sighed and said, 'there is one heart I care to make an impression on, and that —ah! dear Lovell is far, far away from here, and perhaps I may see him no more.'

'Anything more to-night, Missus?' asked Jenny.

'No, Jenny.'

'Good night, Missus.'

'Good night.'

And as the faithful attendant retired, Lucy fell upon her knees by the side of her couch, and breathed a long and fervent

prayer for her distant lover. The maid had spoken truly—Lucy was the admiration of all on the previous evening—none could look with indifference on such beauty as hers, none could listen to the sweet tones of her voice, and not feel the chords of their heart to vibrate to the utterance of each gentle thought, so pure and kind. Already had many suitors evinced their feeling towards her, but in her own gentle and yet unmistakable way, she showed them that her heart was another's.

Among the suitors who had appeared at Col. Cunningham's house of late, was Capt. Fosbeck, who came to Boston in a beautiful yacht, and represented himself to be by birth an Italian, though for years he had been engaged in the merchant service between England and the Indies. until having amassed a fortune, he had resolved to take a look at such parts of the world as his business had not yet called him to, and among other places had come to America. He lived in his own yacht, a beautiful little craft of an hundred tons burthen, schooner rigged; and wearing the apparel of a gentleman, and conducting himself in a most unexceptionable manner, he had found no difficulty in obtaining entrance to the best society of the place. He was liberal and well-informed, generous to the last degree, and soon made himself a host of friends in Boston, among whom was Col. Cunningham. Capt. Fosbeck was the 'whiskered gentleman' whom Jenny had spoken of, and invited the Colonel to take a trip with him, as we have already seen. The Colonel accepted the invitation, and Lucy also, for she did not like her father to go alone.

A day had been appointed for the intended excursion, and in the mean time Capt. Fosbeck was a constant visitor at the house of Col. Cunningham, nor could he disguise the real cause of his visits, which were plainly enough owing to Lucy, to whom he paid the most assiduous attention. As the reader may well suppose, this was far from agreeable to Lucy, and she did not in any way disguise her feelings, but evinced her dislike of the captain on every and all occasions when he took it upon himself to pay her more than ordinary attention. The day before that on which they were to start on the proposed excursion, Captain Fosbeck seized upon a favorable moment when he found himself alone with Lucy, to speak to her upon the subject of his attentions to her and the motive that actuated him.

'I assure you, lady," said he, 'that I would not offend you but you are so cold and indifferent toward me, that I am actually wretched.'

'Why should I be otherwise, sir, when I do not wish to give rise to expectations in your breast, which cannot be realized ?'

'But I know you will feel differently towards me when I can show you how ardently I love you.'

'Never.'

'Why so, obdurate lady ?'

'There is one reason that should suffice, if there be no other.'

'I know, lady, to what you refer, but Capt. Lovell is far away—you cannot possibly know much of him, for, according to your father, you had but a few week's intercourse at the utmost.'

'Enough, sir, this is a subject that displeases me.'

'May I not plead ?'

'You have my answer.'

'Irrevocably ?'

'It cannot be changed.'

'We will see,' said the disappointed man, as he turned from the room and sought his own lodgings in the town. 'I am wont to have my own way, and had only given up to thee from some foolish weakness of the heart, but time and place will occur, yet my constant one.'

'Perhaps yes, and perhaps no,' said a half-witted person who had slyly followed the captain from corner to corner, and heard this last expression from his lips, uttered half aloud, as he entered the house. He who had thus questioned the purpose of the captain, was a servant of the Cunningham family, who had been taken into the kitchen of the house, and fed and clothed through the charity of Lucy, who employed him to run errands and such trifles, more to impress him with the idea, however, that he earned his living, than for any other purpose; for though poor Marcus Reed was but half-witted, and many set him down as a perfect fool or idiot, still he had a feeling of independence, and could not bear to receive open charity. We say that many set Marcus down for an idiot; his manner and general appearance perhaps indicated this, but in truth, there were many bright points in Marcus's brain, and these few, though they embodied the strength that should have been diffused over the whole, shone out with more than common lustre.

He had marked the attention of Captain Fosbeck to Lucy, his mistress, and indeed the only being whom he appeared to care for in the world save her father, and he saw too, that this was disagreeable to her, and from that moment he watched

Fosbeck narrowly, for his own good reasons, and on this occasion had even tracked him to his lodgings, and overheard the words that the reader has learned of.

'Perhaps yes, and perhaps no,' repeated Marcus sitting down upon a stone hard by, and reeling his body slowly back and forth, while he held up his left knee with his clasped hands. 'Perhaps yes, and perhaps no.'

'Marcus thinks that a hawk is watching for a stoop upon a dove, but—but—perhaps yes, and perhaps no.'

Thus surmising and talking after his own blind, yet meaning way, the poor half-witted sat until the stroke of a neighboring clock warned him that it was time to go to his bed.

The hour had arrived the next day when Colonel Cunningham and his daughter with one or two friends were to embark on board of Captain Fosbeck's yacht, on the proposed excursion. The party were all embarked, and the fastenings were just being cast off, when the half-witted servant of Lucy sprang on board, and by the time he had fairly got his footing on the deck, the little vessel was away, and feeling the force of the receding tide and the wind upon one or two of her sails, which had already been set, she glided swiftly down the bay—as though glad to feel herself at liberty once more.

'Marcus,' said Lucy, somewhat reproachfully, 'who desired you to go with us in the schooner?'

'No one, Missus.'

'Why are you here, then?'

'Marcus wanted to go.'

'You should have asked, then, Marcus,' said Lucy, for she pitied him, and was ever kind to him in all things. Her father thinking that Lucy had directed the lad to accompany them, as a help or servant, did not notice the matter, and thus he at once became one of the party.

'Miss Cunningham chooses a singular servant," said Captain Fosbeck to Lucy, pointing at poor Marcus.

'Why, yes, perhaps so, but he is a poor, half-witted orphan that I have cared for these five years, and I do not think he is able to do it for himself. He's very kind and inoffensive though.'

'I see he's asleep already.'

Marcus had coiled himself up at once in a heap of rope on the forecastle of the schooner, and was indeed apparently asleep. He might have been twenty years of age, though his looks indicated a more advanced period of life. In stature he

was of good height, and strongly formed, but there was a listlessness in his gait and manner, as well as in his eye, that bespoke a weakness of the mind but too plainly.

'The Graces,' as Fosbeck called his schooner, was a beautiful craft, and ploughed the water like a dolphin. The course steered was along the coast, and when night set in, Fosbeck himself took the helm for a time, and when he joined the little party below in the cabin at supper, his manner evinced unusual spirit, and he was for a while even the astonishment of Lucy, who set him down for a moody and absent man in his feelings.

At length all retired to rest, for the trip was to keep them out for nearly a week. The crew of the schooner numbered about a dozen men, and she was found in every way to the extent of comfort or necessity, and with all her wings spread, she now almost flew before the fresh breeze that blew with the night. But how uncertain is the fickle elements, and how little to be relied upon. As morning broke dimly in the east, Colonel Cunningham and Lucy were aroused by the violent pitching of the schooner, and dressing and coming upon deck, they found Fosbeck himself at the helm, and the schooner running before a gale that seemed as though it must inevitably swallow her up. Land was nowhere discernible, and to the question of where they were, Captain Fosbeck could only say that they were, unfortunately blown directly off the coast, or else they should before this time have all perished on a lee shore. But he encouraged them by saying that all good seamanship could accomplish should be done, and begged them to retire below while he managed the vessel. It was indeed a terrific storm, the wind blew a perfect gale, and the schooner stripped to her masts, yet flew before it like an arrow from a bow.

But let us turn to the shore. The friends of the family, the sister of Colonel Cunningham who acted as his house keeper, and indeed some of his friends, feared greatly when the storm arose so unfortunately on the very night of their departure. But they hoped for the best, and calmly awaited the proposed hour of return. That at length came, but no father or daughter with it; another day passed, still no news of the missing ones, and at last, a week was gone, then a month—but no tidings, and the family and friends were at last compelled to mourn them as dead—lost in the stormy raging elements that engulfed the vessel the night of their departure.

Kate Mowbray, whom Herbert had lost his heart to, knew

Lucy Cunningham, and her attachment to Captain Lovell, her own lover's companion and messmate, and she grieved more sincerely for Lucy's loss than many another for this very reason; being situated in some degree so that she could realize the misery that the intelligence must bring upon poor Lovell, who all the while was promising himself much joy and happiness, when he should return to his home.

Poor Kate Mowbray herself had much to contend with, for her father had already intimated to her that the addresses of a young gentleman of family and wealth, who had lately been a constant visitor at the house, were particularly agreeable to him, and that it was his wish that she should encourage them in every modest and maidenly way that her good sense might dictate. She knew her father's disposition too well to think of opposing him, at least openly, and she saw that she must resort to stratagem to effect her object, which was to induce the young lover in question to leave her without any action on her part which her father would be able to discover, or young Brandon, the gentlemen to whom the parent had alluded, be able to complain of. In vain did she rack her brain for some expedient whereby to disgust young Brandon. It did seem to her that no lover was ever so constant before. He was absolutely unremitting in his attention, and poor Kate was obliged to receive them all with at least a possible degree of modesty. Brandon thought that all was right, must be, and being a young man of a somewhat diffident temperament, he did not seek to give that degree of confidence, which constant companionship elicits between two mutual friends. In vain did Kate try to look homely and awkward; all was set down by young Brandon for simplicity and unaffected ease.

'Kate,' said her father one morning, 'I am heartily glad that you have acquiesced so perfectly in my wishes, and that you have resolved to marry young Brandon, who loves you so devotedly.'

'But father—'

'But father——, what do you mean by that?' asked old Mowbray, in a somewhat abrupt manner.

'Only—'

'Only what?'

'Only that I am not quite prepared to give him an answer yet.'

'Well, there's no hurry about it, girl; any time within a month or two, so that you can be married this winter, that will do.'

'But father——'

'But father—what in the deuce ails the girl? What do you want to say about the matter, Kate? Hey?'

'Nothing, father,' she answered despondingly

'Well, well, be a good girl, and I shall settle something handsome on you, Kate—say ten thousand or so.'

'Thank ye, father,' said Kate, vacantly.

'Now hang me if I don't think that girl don't like young Brandon,' said old Mowbray, as he shut the door of his study after him; 'what of that? Did I like her mother, not much, that's certain when we married, but then we always lived happy together till she died, and then I got a fine fortune with her. O! marriage should always be a stroke of policy.'

Kate found matters had begun to assume a serious aspect, and she secretly wished more than once that Herbert were there to run off with her, or counsel her, or do something to get her out of the dilemma she was in. What could she do? if she gave Brandon any decided and open refusal, her father would be sure to hear of it, and she dreaded his fury almost as much as the proposed connection itself. 'I wouldn't have cried,' thought Kate Mowbray, 'if I hadn't seen Lieutenant Herbert, but now my heart's another's how can I marry as half the world do, and as I might have done, for policy?'

Young Brandon was felicitating himself on the prospect of an early union with Kate, and had made his arrangements accordingly. He had not dared to actually ask her yet whether she would marry him, but then the kindness and attention of the father, and the sweetness and politeness of Kate could not be mistaken—he was beloved, there was not the least doubt of it in his own mind, nor that of his family, who were pleased at the prospect of their brother's marrying into so old a family as the Mowbrays. Indeed it appeared to be quite congenial to the feelings of all parties except Kate herself, who nevertheless was afraid to speak out. At one time she resolved to throw herself on the kindness of young Brandon, and ask him to help her to avoid her father's anger, and to withdraw his attentions, or else to do so in such a manner as to cast no reflections upon her. But she doubted very much the success of any such attempt, and therefore, after thinking the matter over for a long while, her better judgment forced her to give it up, as promising no good to her wishes.

At last young Brandon found that the time had come when he must speak out decidedly, and receive a decided answer from

Kate relative to the proposed bond of wedlock. It was a difficult matter for him to come up to the sticking point, for he was not only naturally a very diffident person, as we have already intimated, but Kate Mowbray had never encouraged the least degree of intimacy between him and herself, and thus it was breaking through the ice all at once, without waiting for the kindly atmosphere of the affections to soften or melt it in any degree. But he resolved to make a desperate attempt, and having called one evening, he found Kate by herself, and conceiving this a favorable opportunity, he made the attempt to accomplish his purpose.

'Miss Mowbray—'

'Ahem,' said Kate.

'I thought—'

'What, Mr. Brandon?'

'I was about to observe—'

'I know what's coming now,' thought Kate.

'Exactly,' said Kate, half teasingly and half encouragingly.

'Yes, Miss Mowbray, just so!'

'I don't understand ye, sir, pray, are you dreaming, Mr. Brandon?'

This threw Brandon into a cold sweat, and he actually trembled all over, while Kate, cruel Kate—could not help a degree of inward exultation.

'Miss Mowbray!' at length said Brandon, with a desperate effort to do so or die, 'we have been intimate, as you are aware, for a long period—ahem—'

'Just so, Mr. Brandon.'

'My object in seeking your society cannot be mistaken by you, Miss Mowbray, and I need hardly say that—that—'

'What did you observe, sir?' asked Kate, with provoking coldness.

'That I love you,' stammered Brandon.

'I expected this,' said Kate, with great nonchalance.

'Precisely so,' said Brandon, still confused.

'Ahem!' uttered Kate, enjoying the scene in spite of her own troubles.

The coldness with which she took the matter seemed still more to confuse her poor lover, whom no cold bath could have rendered wetter that he already was, from the cold perspiration that was starting from every pore.

'May I hope that the regard is mutual, Miss Mowbray?' he at length asked.

'I really should like to think of the matter for a few hours,' said Kate, adroitly. 'If you would do me the favor to call to-morrow at eleven o'clock, Mr. Brandon, I might then be better prepared to answer so important a question.'

'Certainly, Miss Mowbray, with much pleasure,' said Brandon, somewhat re-assured by this seeming acquiescence, and he rose, saying:

'I—I leave my happiness in your hands, Miss Mowbray.'

'Good day, sir.'

'Good day, my dear Miss Mowbray."

As soon as he was gone, Kate first laughed herself into hysterics, and then cried till her head ached.

'What can I do now?' she asked herself. 'It is the last chance, I know not what to do.'

Poor Kate lay awake nearly all night devising some plan whereby she might rid herself of the attentions of Brandon, and in such a way that her father should have no cause to complain of her conduct in the case.

At length after many weary moments, she actually sprang from her couch with joy.

A plan at least of the most plausible character, had at last entered her brain, and she was so eager to enter at once upon its execution that she could hardly wait for the coming of the morrow.

She almost leaped for joy, and sitting down she covered her face with her soft and pretty hand, and laughed till the tears trickled through them, and dropped upon her snowy and heaving breast; but it was all for mirth, roguish, cunning mirth, and no unhappiness at all.

The morrow came, although it was a very long night to the impatient and restless Kate Mowbray, and at last, too, came eleven o'clock, and with it promptly the constant Brandon.

He was shown into the drawing-room, the parlors being seldom opened at that hour of the day. As he entered the room he was struck with astonisment at the sight that met his eyes. Near the centre of the room, with her hair in papers, one foot crossed over her knee! and shoeless, clothed in a torn and misshapen loose gown, much too short for her, sat Kate Mowbray with a stocking over her left arm, while with the right she darned the heel with most commendable industry. About her were strewn articles of dress, hair combs, and brushes, with one or two articles of underdress of rather a peculiar character. Brandon gazed with perfect amazement, while Miss Mowbray,

apparently not noticing his entrance, was whistling, to the best of her ability, Yankee doodle! At last she turned as if by accident, and beholding him, said:

"O la! Mr. Brandon, is it eleven already?'

Brandon could not answer—he was completely astounded; his romantic notions about the beautiful Kate were all knocked in the head at once. He did not know whether to believe his own eyes or not, he would not have believed any one who should have told it to him.

'I beg pardon, Miss Mowbray—but I believe I intrude.'

'Why, you have come in rather unexpectedly,' she replied.

'I wish you good morning, Miss Mowbray,' said Brandon, retiring.

'Hurrah—hurra,' cried Kate, 'I've conquered. Brandon is 'done for,' as father says. Now I would wager my hand that he'll never show his face here again. He thought it all accident, the ape,' said she, pouting, 'well, I meant he should, but positively, I wouldn't so expose myself for a less stake than the one at issue.'

At this moment her dressing maid entered the apartment, and gazed at her mistress in silent horror, for she was not in the secret, and indeed could not understand what this singular conduct could possibly mean, and even hesitated at the door, not knowing whether it was safe to come in, for the girl had even misgivings lest her mistress might be deranged. She knew that Brandon had just been there and left again without scarcely entering the room, and all together it puzzled her poor wit to understand what was going on.

But Kate soon assured her by some necessary directions, as to her perfect sanity, and the girl, perhaps, half suspecting the ruse, lest her mistress, holding her breath, lest she might laugh in her face.

Kate was soon in her own room and attired as became her station.

'Ah,' said Kate to herself, 'would that Herbert was here now to enjoy this ruse with me. I declare it takes away half the sport to have to brood over it alone; heigh ho, poor Kate Mowbray your love is far away—many a league of the boisterous ocean lies between him and thee—but then he will be true, I know he will. Ah, yes, that noble, open countenance is too free an index to his soul for me to mistake the language—he will be faithful—I feel—I know he will be faithful.'

And while she thus spoke she brushed away a tear, and a sweet smile played over her countenance like a ray of sun light. A rich treasure had Herbert in that soul-relying heart.

Kate was successful; young Brandon was cured of his love, and never called on Kate again. Her father thought it a great mystery, but Kate was wholly ignorant of the cause.

Of course she was.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

Join us again, kind reader, upon the ocean. When Captain Lovell sailed from Boston, after the Skimmer of the Seas had been fairly refitted and rendered efficient in every particular, he had resolved, as we have before intimated, to gain a handsome share of prize money for himself and crew. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to annoy and harrass the enemies of his country in every way that lay in his power, he steered out boldly to sea, due east, determining to make the coast of England, reasoning that the enemy would be the less likely to be there in any force that he would fear, than they would to be found on the coast of America where the British cruisers swarmed, that they might pick up every sail, however small, that left our ports. Acting upon this supposition and plan, it was at the end of the eighteenth day he found himself just at the mouth of the English Channel, and off the Lizard point of England. This was nearer than he supposed himself to the enemy's shores, and he made haste to haul off and lay off and on between Land's End and Cape Clear, to intercept traders and merchantmen bound up St. George's Channel. Such homeward bound merchantmen as had been conveyed by men-of-war across the ocean, parted company with them before reaching this point, and calculating upon this, Captain Lovell hoped to take some richly ladened vessel that on the ocean would not venture to sail save in convoy of a cruiser.

The result showed how shrewdly he had calculated on this matter, for the second day, just before nightfall, he discovered with his glass, a sail that his quick and practiced eye told him was a homeward bound Indiaman, probably bound up Bristol Channel. Captain Lovell knew very well, that this vessel must

have parted from her convoy but a very short time since, and that doubtlessly she was richly laden. He bore up to such a distance, that he could easily scan and imagine her equipment, and he saw, by the manner in which she was handled, that she must be strongly manned. Besides he could make out enough of her armament to see that she would have been too dearly bought for him to attempt to take her by giving her open battle. He therefore resolved that he would play them a Yankee trick, whereby he might be enabled to possess himself of the vessel and her crew. Up to this time he had shown no colors, and now by his orders the British flag floated from the schooner, while he steered boldly towards the Indiaman.

Night was already approaching, and the dimness that began to enshroud the view was favorable for the project that Lovell had resolved upon. As the light of day receded, and darkness began to settle over the sea, the Skimmer of the Seas came up within hailing distance of the Indiaman, when Lovell, putting the trumpet to his mouth, hailed her:

'Ship ahoy! What ship is that?'

'The Bristol Indiaman—homeward bound. What schooner is that?'

'His majesty's cutter Vigilant!' said Lovell; 'send your captain on board of me, I have special instructions for all inward bound sails.'

'Ay, ay, sir.'

And in a few minutes the captain of the Indiaman was pulled, by a boat's crew of his men, to the schooner's side, and leaping upon deck, passed into the cabin, where Lovell, after interrogating him as to all he wished to know of his ship, and learning of her capacity and armament, and also of a rich freight of gold, amounting to some fifty thousand pounds sterling—informed the captain, in the most polite manner possible, that he was his prisoner, and that he regretted very much the necessity which compelled him to place him, for the present, in close confinement. The Englishman, finding that resistance would avail him nothing, and that he had been completely duped, submitted, with the best grace he might, to the circumstances in which he found himself.

The boat's crew that had pulled him on board the schooner, were also enticed on board and confined, the boat being hauled on the starboard side of the schooner, being the farthest from the Indiaman, that her people might be led to suppose the crew were still in it. Captain Lovell, then taking a well armed boat's crew

of twelve men, pulled to the side of the Bristol, saying that he was Lieutenant of the cutter, and that while his captain was engaged with him of the ship, he was directed to see that all was right on board the ship. This story which he told to the chief mate, gained him footing with his people upon deck. He had lain out his plan of action before coming on board, for he knew the situation of matters on board from the mouth of the captain himself.

The ship was manned by some forty active and able seamen, and fortunately Lovell found these all, save the watch, in the forecastle hatch, at their evening meal. At a signal from him to his men, the forecastle hatch was closed and barred, shutting down at once twenty-eight of the crew. Six were already on board the Skimmer of the Seas in confinement, and six were upon the deck as the watch when he boarded; these, with the mate, were easily secured and bound, and as to the passengers, they were too much frightened to do or say anything to oppose Lovell and his men. It was thought necessary immediately, to get rid of as many prisoners as possible, for Lovell knew full well that he had not men enough to guard them. So after everything was properly secured, and without the loss of a moment's time, the launch that was stowed amidship in the Bristol, was got out and launched into the sea, and towed alongside, oars were put into her, and a top gallant sail that was found below, not in use, was also added; a cask of water and a couple of barrels of bread and beef, were also put into it. Then the prisoners, all but four who were retained for service, were placed in her, also the captain, who was retained as prisoner of war of some value, inasmuch as he would exchange for one of equal rank of our countrymen, who might have been taken during the war. All being safe on board, Lovell after ascending the taffrail of the Bristol, said:

'You are but a few leagues from the shore, where the tide and wind are both setting you. I have given you food and water, and a spare sail, you will therefore find no cause for reproaching me with inhumanity. I should like to keep you all, if I was strong enough to do so, but as I am not, why, I am forced to bid you good-by,'

Thus saying, he cut the rope, and the crew and passengers of the Bristol found themselves afloat, and at liberty to pursue their own course. At the same time they saw the yards of the Bristol squared away, her helm put up, and she stood down the channel to sea, followed by the rakish looking Skimmer of

the Seas. Lovell kept on board the Bristol all that night, on purpose to test her powers and see her rate of sailing, that he might trim her accordingly. As morning came, he found that he had made a good offing, but that the Bristol was far too heavy to sail well, although she was a remarkably swift vessel for one of her build. She was supplied with eight thirty-two pounders, at which Lovell laughed, for there was not half crew enough to work them in action, though the captain told him that the passengers, of whom there were twenty, were practised at them, and took passage with the understanding that they should work them in case of necessity, Lovell determined to lighten the ship, to enable her to sail faster, and to render the probability of her arriving safe in some American port more certain.

Four of the heavy guns were therefore thrown into the sea, with much useless iron gear that was found on board, a large number of cannon balls, a few casks of spirits and such things, until Lovell found he had materially altered her rate of sailing, by thus lightening her. Lieutenant Herbert was then put on board with fifteen men added to the four prisoners, who appeared to care very little whom they served, and being promised good wages for the voyage, agreed to do duty to the best of their power. Captain Lovell instructed Herbert to steer directly for America, and use his own discretion in regard to what port he should make, after he should learn, from any sail he should speak, where the enemy were least likely to be found. He was in no case to attempt even the most insignificant capture, for Lovell calculated well the value of his cargo.

'We might capture any small craft we saw?' said Herbert, inquiringly of his superior.

'No, sir—venture nothing.'

'Not fire a gun?'

'Only in self defence, and you may do that promptly.'

'Very well, sir, I shall obey you.'

Consider, Mr. Herbert, that there is wealth enough in that ship with her cargo, to render you and I, as well as her whole crew, independently rich for life. Why, sir, the gold on board is but a trifle compared to the value of the cargo. I have examined it—so be careful and watchful.'

'Ay, ay, sir, you may trust me.'

'Good by, Mr. Herbert, God speed you.'

'Good by, sir.'

'If you see her, Herbert, you will not forget in the meeting

with her you love, to remember me to Lucy Cunningham ?'

'I will not indeed, sir.'

'Tell her that I think much and often of her, and that I cherish the hope that we may meet again before long.'

'I will remember your words, sir.'

'Don't sir me, Herbert,' said Lovell, grasping his hand, 'drop the officer now, and think that we are friends, about to part.'

'I do in heart, Lovell. We have weathered many a storm together, as our parents did before us, and I have not forgotten the story that mine has told me of your mother, then Fanny Campbell, when she was his commander and friend—how gallantly she released your father from prison, and how happily they lived together, afterwards. There are many reasons why we should be friends.'

'There are indeed, Herbert, but time is precious, you must make all sail you can in safety, homeward.'

'Good-bye again.'

'Good-bye,' and the friends pressed each other's hands. In the next hour the Bristol was far off to the westward, bound for America, while the Skimmer of the Seas, under a light spread of canvass, bore away to the southward, if possible to fall in with and capture still another prize, before she left the enemy's coast. Success is ever thus emboldening and seductive, let the game be what it may. The gambler who has won, doubles his stake, and sets his all upon a single cast, because forsooth, success has greeted him ; but she is as fickle as the blind goddess herself, and wo betide those who rely too earnestly and confidently upon her. Several days passed by, and Lovell had only overhauled a poor fisherman, whom his feelings would not permit him to despoil even of a single copper, but on the contrary, the crew being short of provisions, Lovell gave them a barrel of biscuit.

This little incident, which is true, contrasts strongly with the cruel conduct of the enemy, upon our own coast, during the time of the last war—when it seemed to be the delight of the English cruisers upon our own shores, to despoil even to the meanest crafts that they could overhaul, and many is the poor fisherman who has lost his all, which he was made to see wantonly destroyed before his eyes, and himself impressed into the service of his country's enemies. Such was the policy of the English admiralty during the war of 1812, and such the course the British marine have too long pursued. America is the only nation that has yet proved itself strong enough to

vindicate its rights, and the young republic, now grown to the stature of a man, will not brook insult or oppression from the Lion of England, nor any other.

But Lovell and the gallant little Skimmer of the Seas were upon dangerous cruising ground. This was fully realized by Lovell, who kept the most vigorous lookout, and adopted every precautionary measure that suggested itself to his mind, to guard against surprise or the possibility of being taken. On the morning of the fourth day after parting with Herbert and the prize, he found himself some forty leagues from the land and hemmed in on every side by an impenetrable fog, which seemed packed about the schooner like some tangible substance, so thick and heavy did it appear to all. It was nearly noon before the mist lifted and when it did so, Lovell could have wished that it might have remained.

'Mr. Brooks,' said Captain Lovell, to the second lieutenant, who had now taken the place of Herbert, 'do you not hear something that sounds like the swinging of the boom of a ship with the rattle of cordage, hereaway ?'

Lovell pointed as he spoke just off his larboard quarter, where the mist was gradually and very slowly lifting and disappearing before the warm rays of the sun, which had nearly reached the meridian.

'I think I do, sir,' said Mr. Brooks, listening.

'Hark,' said Lovell.

'There, sir,' said Brooks, 'I heard a voice then.'

'I believe you are correct, sir,' said Lovell.

'Heaven send it may not be a cruiser, sir ; we lie, I believe, just off the mouth of the English Channel. I thought I made out Guernsey just at sunset last night, though we have made some offing since that.'

'True, we are just in the track of the cruisers.'

'They are getting sail on that ship, sir, evidently.'

'Yes, and there's the boatswain's wistle.'

'A man-of-war, sir.'

'There can be no doubt.'

'Get the men to their guns, sir, without noise, and spread on our lighter sails, to catch the first breath of this air that is coming from the south. Don't let a man speak above his breath —be cautious, sir.'

'Ay, ay, sir.'

And the lieutenant sprang promptly to execute the orders he had received, while Lovell made other precautionary arrange-

ments. The fog seemed to start as if by a sudden influence, and to lift steadily, until Lovell could discern, not a half a mile to leeward, a sloop-of-war of thirty-two guns. The cruiser was an Englishman beyond a doubt, and she had not yet discovered the Skimmer of the Seas, whose delicate outlines presented but a small surface against the light. Lovell had already got out his sweeps, and was widening slowly, the distance between his schooner and the enemy, but scarcely ten minutes more had elapsed, when the roll of a drum on board the cruiser, told the crew of the schooner that her people were going to their guns, and the next moment a shot which broke the water just along side of the Skimmer, told Captain Lovell that he was discovered, and thus any hope of escape was out of the question. Another shot and still another, came wizzing by their ears, but he determined to exert himself yet a little longer, before he gave up, for the light wind which had sprung up began to act upon his upper sails, and even to propel him through the water at the rate of one or two miles per hour, which, added to his sweeps, did give him some considerable headway, while the size of the enemy rendered it impossible for him to profit by the light wind that had so befriended the Skimmer of the Seas.

Captain Lovell and his crew exerted every nerve to widen the distance between them and the cruiser, and fortune seemed inclined to aid them, when a shot from the enemy raked the schooner fore and aft, casting the splinters in every direction.

'If that had been aimed at our topmast, 'twould have been worse,' said Lovell. 'Leave us that, and we will show you our stern yet.'

But still the enemy continued to fire, and though the shot fell thick and fast about the schooner, yet she seemed to bear a charmed life, for scarcely one struck her, The mist had not yet entirely cleared up, and consequently the aim was very deceptive to those who pointed the guns on board the king's ship.

'Steady so, ye winds,' said Lovell, to himself, for he feared that the breeze might freshen so as to fill the sails of his enemy. 'I'll lay a bet, if he don't take away my topmast, I'll escape yet.'

'God grant it, sir,' said Mr. Brooks—whose fancy was not very well pleased at the prospect of seeing the inside of an English prison.

'O, heaven!' exclaimed Lovell.

'He's done it, sir,' said Brooks.

'Too true—and he has "done" us too,' replied Lovell.

This was said as a shot from the cruiser struck the topmast, and snapped it as though it had been only a whip stick. The schooner's course was at once deadened, but she still made some headway.

'Shall I heave the schooner too, Captain Lovell ?'

'No, sir ; keep the men at the sweeps.'

'Ay, ay, sir,' said Brooks, despondingly.

'Cheerily, men, with a will,' said Lovell to the men encouragingly.

'Hurra, hurra, hurra;' cried the crew, and labored on.

The captain of the cruiser seeing that the schooner was likely to escape him after all, now got out his boats with as little delay as possible, and in ten minutes after the topmast of the Skimmer of the Seas had been shot away, four of the enemy's boats were manned and in full pursuit of the schooner. The Skimmer of the Seas had widened the distance at which she lay from the cruiser when the fog broke away, to about a mile and a half, but now the wind dying away, she only moved by the force of her sweeps.

The enemy's boats were all propelled by sturdy oarsmen, and they were fast overhauling the schooner ; still Lovell kept his men at the sweeps, that he might be further from the enemy's big guns on board the ship.

He determined to make a desperate resistance in repelling the approach of the boats, and, if possible, to beat them off.

At last the four boats got within blank gun shot, when Lovell called to his men from the sweeps to their guns.

The schooner now lay fully two miles from the cruiser, and Lovell had even yet some faint hopes of being able to escape with the Skimmer of the Seas, provided he could repel the force that manned the boats now close on board of him.

The boats kept cautiously apart, lest they should make a better mark for the shot from the American guns, but Lovell could distinguish that which contained the commanding officer of the expedition, and to that boat he now aimed his thirty-two pounder amidship, loaded to the very muzzle, with grape and canister shot.

The match was applied by his own hand, and in the next instant a shriek of horror arose from the crew who filled the first boat, in which the leader of he party was.

Terrible indeed was the effect;—the gun had been pointed

with unerring accuracy, and the boat was swamped at once, while all save two were in it, were hurled at once into eternity The two who survived although severely wounded, supported themselves until the other boats picked them up. The first lieutenant of the cruiser had been entrusted with the lead of the party, and was one of the two who were saved by the other boats, and, though he was severely wounded, yet he gallantly directed the attack, and ordered the boats to advance and board the schooner.

But by the time they had recovered from the confusion consequent upon the accident just named, the long gun was ready for them again, and in another moment two more of the boats were so injured, as to render it hard to keep them afloat with the wounded that now lay in the bottom. Courage could avail nothing under such circumstances, and the assailants were obliged to pull back to their ship with the loss of two-thirds of their number, for Lovell had placed one or two sharp shooters who picked off their enemy one by one, with their rifles.

No sooner was the attack given over, than the men were stationed at the sweeps of the schooner, which, notwithstanding it was a perfect calm, was escaping inch by inch, from the cruiser. Lovell was congratulating himself with the hope that he might get out of sight by nightfall, and then change his course, so as not to leave the cruiser a chance of knowing their situation. All on board counted upon the same chance, and there were none but were ready to laugh at the chance that brought them so near to the enemy. But luck was against them, and before they had reached to more than six miles from the king's ship, a breeze sprang up. So long as it remained light Lovell did not care for it, for it rather helped him; but as soon as it began to freshen it was against him, for it favored the large craft—and now the cruiser spread her sails one by one, and fast overhauled the Skimmer of the Seas.

In vain did Lovell resort to every expedient that ingenuity could devise, to increase the speed of his vessel, but still the heavier ship came bowling along over the sea. Ever since the first gun had been fired on board of the American vessel, the stars and stripes had floated aloft, and still proudly waved over the crew of the schooner. The ship had now come to within gun shot, and commenced to fire from her bow-chasers; still Lovell held on in hopes that possibly the wind might die away, or some other chance might favor him, but fortune had failed him, and he now saw that he must fall into the enemy's hands.

in spite of every attempt to escape—there was no alternative. The shot now began to fall fast and fatally around him, and he determined to surrender.

'Mr. Brooks, haul down the bunting,' exclaimed Lovell.

'Sir?' said the startled lieutenant.

'Down with the flag!' said Lovell, in a tone that startled all.

'Ay, ay, sir,' said Brooks, giving the order; then turning to Lovell, he said: "I beg pardon, sir, but your order was one that I am not used to hear, and it rather startled me.'

'God grant that few Americans may ever have to obey such an order,' said Lovell.

The flag was lowered, but still the enemy fired upon the schooner notwithstanding she was hove to in token of submission, out of mere contempt, and in revenge for the loss of her boats.

'Treachery,' said Lovell to Mr. Brooks; 'do you see they continue to fire though we have surrendered?'

'They do indeed.'

'There! by heaven they have killed that man in the run. By heaven—but they shall lose the schooner to pay for that.'

Thus saying, Lovell sprung down below with a hatchet in his hand, and when he eturned to the deck, the rushing sound of water was heard below, and the crew knew full well that he had scuttled the schooner, and that within an hour she must go down! Within the hour the enemy ovefhauled the schoon er, and took the prisoners on board; but scarcely had they done so, before their prize disappeared before their eyes, and the Skimmer of the Seas sank beneath the blue waters of the Atlantic.

Captain Lovell did not do this act from a mean spirit of revenge, he knew very well that this was not the first time the British commanders had thus violated the laws of humanity, the acknowledged rule of all nations. It was with a full consciousness of the risk he himself ran, that he scuttled the beautiful craft he loved so well; he was determined to punish the enemy for the cruel treachery they had practised in butchering his people after he had surrendered, and thus show the English they could not practise this inhuman conduct even upon a fallen enemy with impunity. We say it was reasoning thus that led Lovell to destroy the Skimmer of the Seas, rather than let her fall into the hands of his triumphant but cruel foe.

His first officer knew full well what his captain had done, when he saw him come up from below; even before he heard

the rushing of the water, he read the deed in the calm, determined eye of Lovell. The crew, too, were not long in finding out what had been done, and, in spite of the misfortune of their capture and the prospect of an English prison before their eyes, they found time to rejoice that their favorite little craft was not about to fall into the enemy's hands like themselves. Feeling thus, these honest fellows gave, to the no small wonder of their captors, three loud and hearty huzzas.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HARD FATE OF THE LOVERS.

'And so stern fortune would separate us, dearest, but we will rely on sweet hope and foil the blind goddess yet.'

'You are but too sanguine, I fear,' said the lady to whom these words were addressed, by one whose position by her side, and whose manner bespoke him her lover.

'You would discourage me, dear, would you ?'

'Not I, indeed, you know my heart too well to believe that,' said the beautiful girl, her voice and eyes beaming love all the while.

'I do indeed,' was the reply of the gentleman who pressed her soft tiny hands to his lips with the fondest affection.

'Ah! we ought not to complain, only contrast our lot with that of poor Lucy Cunningham—lost, lost, and poor Lovell knows nothing of it either. O, how very dreadful the news will be to him !'

'That it will,' said Herbert, for it was him, and the lady by his side was Kate Mowbray, the roguish, beautiful Kate.

'When do you expect him back ?'

'When another rich prize shall be captured.'

'That may be long first.'

'Ay, I fear too long, or at least that he will remain on the enemy's coast until misfortune shall overtake him. I would give a hundred pounds to see him safe here with the saucy little Skimmer of the Seas in Boston harbor; ay, double that snm willingly.'

Little did Lieutenant Herbert think that while he spoke, the schooner was lying on the bototm of the sea, and poor Lovell was confined within the noisome walls of an English prison

house. He had himself safely reached Boston, with only one accident, and that of a trifling character, being caused by a gale of wind which he successfully weathered, and while he sat with Kate at a back window of the house, he could look off in the harbor, and see the Bristol riding safely at anchor with all her wealth safely and securely stored on board. Kate had been telling him of the ruse she played upon young Brandon, and how she succeeded in throwing him off.

'He didn't love you as I do, Kate,' said Herbert, 'or he would have done so the more to have seen you in dishabille.'

'There, that will do,' said Kate, stopping his mouth with her hand.

'Yes, we'll put a period there,' said Herbert kissing the hand upon his lips.

But, Kate, there has been no word ever received of that yacht.'

'None.'

'And there was a storm directly after her leaving port?'

'A perfect gale.'

'There can be be no doubt then of their loss. Three months have gone by since the fated day, when they left the port.'

'It was three months yesterday. Ah! it has made me very miserable to part with sweet dear kind Lucy Cunningham thus. I declare, Herbert, there is a larger blank in my heart by reason of it than you know of.'

'I doubt it not, for the girl that Lovell would choose must be a good one indeed and worthy of kind remembrances.'

'You seem to think a great deal of Captain Lovell.

'I do.'

'Are you related to each other?'

'I feel as though he were my brother, and yet we are not related by blood. One day when we where are to each other, Kate, I will tell you a story of how our parents came to be friends, before us.'

'It will please me, I am sure, Herbert.'

The Bristol Indiaman was sold, her cargo discharged and properly disposed of, the money was invested, and Herbert had discharged his duty like a good and faithful steward. Already was he a rich man from the share of the prize money that fell to his share from the proceeds of the Bristol Indiaman prize just disposed of. His wealth he hoped might make amends in some degree for his want of name as old Mowbray called it, and he hoped that he might be able now to satisfy the father,

and thus get his consent to the union of Kate and himself. While he was felicitating himself on this plan, he was ordered to sea by the department, who, finding that he was on shore unemployed, withdrew the permission he had received with Lovell for embarking in the privateering service. He deeply regretted that he must leave Kate at this interesting moment, but with only one day's warning he was ordered to join Captain Porter, of the U. S. Ship Essex, and to proceed immediately to sea. The voice of duty however, was to Herbert imperative, so after pressing Kate Mowbray earnestly to his heart and kissing her again and again, promising mutually to love and be true to each other, they parted.

Who has not read the memorable cruise of the Essex, under Captain Porter? She went to sea October 28th, 1812, from the capes of the Delaware, at the shortest possible notice, for a long cruise. First on the coast of South America, where, after harassing the enemy and taking some rich prizes, she was forced to double Cape Horn under the most disadvantageous circumstances, and made her way into the Pacific. Here living upon tortoises and such game as could be procured on the numerous and unexplored islands, the gallant crew made many valuable prizes and important surveys, giving protection to our whalemen, and other traders that were in those distant seas.

We should like to trace the course of Lieutenant Herbert in the Essex, and tell the reader of some of the gallant exploits performed by her officers and crew, but history has done this already, and we would refer our readers to that deeply interesting book entitled Porter's Journal, in which the Captain of the Essex kept a daily record of the cruise, and where much useful information may be obtained concerning the naval operations in the time and war of 1812.

Captain Lovell was treated with the most ungentlemanly rigor by his captors, and his crew were confined as though they had been pirates, in room of honest prisoners of war. The captain of the king's sloop could no way reconcile himself to the idea of losing the beautiful and swift sailing Skimmer of the Seas. He more than half suspected that the captain of the American schooner had scuttled her rather than have her fall into his hands. He determined to examine Lovell on this point, and for this purpose he was summoned before him.

'Captain Lovell,' he said, 'how was it that your vessel went down so soon after you struck? I hardly think we did her

injury enough below the water line to cause her to leak so badly.'

Lovell scorned to tell a lie, and moreover he wanted to let the proud Englishman know that by his treachery in firing upon the schooner, and killing her men after she had surrendered he had lost her. True, he might perhaps have bettered his own condition by pretending that the Skimmer had been caused to leak by a shot, but he would not do it and so spoke:

'I will tell you, sir, how the schooner came to sink.'

'Speak, then.'

'You will remember that when I struck my flag, you continued to fire into me; do you not, sir?'

'I do—I meant to punish you for the injury done to my crew this morning.'

'I am glad to hear you acknowledge this. Well, sir, a shot fired from your ship after I had struck, killed one of my best men—that man's life cost you the schooner, for when he fell I went below and cut a hole in her bottom. You know all now.'

'I do, and you shall repent it.'

'I fear you not,' said Lovell.

'You deserve to swing at the yard arm.'

'You dare not attempt that,' said Lovell, boldly.

But although the captain of the Englishman dared not to put his threat into execution, yet he annoyed his prisoners in every respect in his power, and then rendered them as uncomfortable as he could by his petty malice. The ship put into Bristol, and there the prisoners were landed and marched to prison, where they were prisoners of war. This same contrast in the policy of the two governments was manifest in everything, one was uniformly humane and merciful, the other arbitrary and cold blooded; in every thing they did it seemed to be a part of their very nature thus to do. Justice was not on their side, and to silence the reproaches of their conscience, they put on a bravado, that was sometimes forced.

In this confinement, away from any intelligence, or the sight of a single familiar face, save that of his lieutenant, Mr. Brooks, who was confined in the same apartment with him, poor Lovell wore away several months of a most miserable character. He thought much and often after Lucy Cunningham. He prayed for her weal, and that she might be constant to him, little dreaming that she had been lost from her home for nearly a year. He knew not that Herbert had safely arrived with his prize or whether he also was taken. Could he

have obtained information upon a few points, the information would have tended much to alleviate the misery of his confinement. His time was passed in fruitless speculations, for he could not obtain one word of intelligence from the jailor as to the state of the war or a prospect of peace. At length, however, by some strange chance which seemed to him almost providential, his keeper having brought in his noon meal of bread and water, by accident dropped from his pocket a newspaper. Lovell seized and hid it, until he was gone, when he devoured with avidity its contents—a rare treat indeed to him.

He learned with joy from this paper, of the cruise of the Essex in the Pacific Ocean. How she captured the British vessel, Georgiana, of sixteen guns and forty-two men, the Atlantic, six guns and twelve men, the Greenwich, ten guns and fourteen men, the Montezuma, two guns and ten men, the Policy, ten men, the Hector, eleven guns and twenty-five men, the Catharine, eight guns and twenty-nine men, the Rape, eight guns and twenty-one men. This faithful and correct account he read in the London Chronicle.

'Huzza, huzza,' he exclaimed, leaping for joy.

'Read aloud, sir,' said Brooks.

'Glorious news, Mr. Brooks, glorious, glorious, glorious!'

And they both read again and again the account of the extraordinary success that attended the cruise of the Essex. Lovell saw in the account the name of Lieutenant Herbert. He was at first in doubt as to the possibility of its being his late companion, but after a few moments' consultation he remembered that there was no other officer of the name in commission, and so this must indeed be he. Then he reasoned that the prize must in all probability have arrived safely in the United States, and that government probably ordered Herbert at once to join again the regular service. A load was thus removed from his mind, for he had feared that the Bristol had been recaptured by the enemy, and Herbert like himself shut up in some loathsome prison. The news that he had gathered seemed to inspire him with an energy and determination that he had not before experienced, for he determined to attempt that which had not before entered his head, viz: to escape from his confinement. Various were the schemes and plans that he devised. At length after much labor had been expended in examining the walls, the floor, the ceiling of his room, and all the information elicited by this means that was possible, the matter was carefully canvassed, and it was decided that they should

attempt to undermine the stone walls of the prison. The prison was a large stone building, one side of which was built at the water's edge, the ethers facing the land. The cell in which Lovell and Brooks were confined, was one that made the ground corner, one side on the water, the other facing the land. On the side next to the sea there was a small window, thoroughly guarded by bars of iron, so massive that it was out of the question to attempt to remove them. Besides this, they had no tool of any sort to work with, or they might rather have tried this place than to undermine the wall.

The bottom of the room was covered with thick plank, put down, however, with very little care, and the plan was that they should work only at night, and removing a couple of planks nearest to the wall, which they could easily do by uniting their strength together, they set to work digging down to the foundation of the prison. The only tools that they were able to procure were the two halves of a strong earthen dish, in which the jailor's wife had sent them some meat, and which by accident was broken and left in the cell. But these two pieces of ware were plied diligently, until the two had thrown up nearly two barrels full of earth from the hole they had made. It then occurred to them that they had got to dispose of the dirt in some way, for the whole must be covered up when the jailor was expected, and if the dirt remained where it was, they would be inevitably lost, or rather their plans would be frustrated. So before they went any further, they set their thoughts together, to plan how they could get this loose dirt out of the window into the water, without the noise of its constant falling being heard by the sentries on duty about the prison. At last the following plan was devised.

Two strings were made, by tearing strips from their shirts, of some twenty feet long; one was fastened to the two sides of Lovell's hat at the brim, which had been left him, and the other to the edge of the crown. This was then filled with dirt, and let down by one string, until it reached the water, and its contents emptied noiselessly into the sea. Thus only by a hatful at a time, and even this only at night, did they dispose of the dirt that came from the hole they were digging; yet having no employment all day, and longing for their liberty, they were encouraged by hope to work on. It was at the expiration of the first week after they commenced their labor, that they reached the foundation of the prison.

Every ounce of dirt was removed as we have described.

Steadily they worked every night, and with unabated industry; already had they on the tenth night after their commencement, reached the other side of the wall that imprisoned them, and were digging upward, but with care, lest the dirt might cave in and expose them.

To prevent this, by means of flat stones which they found in digging, they split off strips that covered the floor, and driving them into the earth, they made a sort of prop for the earth, so that it should not cave in till they were prepared for it. At last, just one fortnight from the day on which they commenced their labors, Lovell found that he had reached so far that it would not be safe for them to work any farther until they were prepared to leave the prison in good earnest. Operations were accordingly suspended until the next night, when it was determined that they should attempt to accomplish their object. It was resolved that they would not attempt it until about one o'clock in the morning, when it was thought the guard being relieved at twelve, they would probably be the least on the look-out.

At last the hour arrived, and Lovell, breaking through just enough of the ground to permit him to draw his body through, extended his hand to Brooks, and drew him up also; they found themselves again at liberty. Lovell put an old plank hard by, over the hole they had made, merely because the thought struck him, and then they started off to the pier. They wended their way at once into the lowest part of the town, and into the beer and drinking shops which were still open. Here Lovell learned that there was a South American ship preparing to sail on the following Tuesday.

'The day after to-morrow,' said Lovell to Brooks.

'But we shall be searched for in the meantime everywhere, Mr. Lovell.'

'True, what's to be done?'

'It is hard to say in such a case—we should scarcely be safe for a single moment on board.'

'O, no; they will search her the first thing.'

'Nor in the town.'

'No.'

'Couldn't we get those people——'

'Stay,' said Lovell, 'I have it.'

'Heaven grant safety may come of it,' said Brooks, who felt no little anxiety, for he knew full well that if they were taken again, they would have to suffer far more rigorous confinement and treatment than they had yet undergone.

'We must back to the prison,' said Lovell, 'and at once.'

'To the prison?'

'To be sure.'

'Never,' said Brooks determinedly

'Listen,' said Lovell, 'we can enter by the same means by which we escaped, and lay there until to-morrow night, probably without our holes being observed or even suspected.'

'Good.'

'Then on the next morning early this vessel sails. The master is a Peruvian, as I learned from these chaps, and don't care a farthing for the English. He will no doubt take us on board, and glad of the chance, if he thinks he can make anything by it, and then we are comparatively safe.'

'Good again; we will go back immediately.'

'Yes, and there's no time to lose.'

'I never had occasion to pray so heartily for darkness before.'

'Heaven grant us enough to get under the plank unperceived,' said Lovell.

The next morning when the turnkey came to give them their frugal and even miserable fare, he found them both snoring, and took occasion to upbraid them for their laziness in thus sleeping in the morning and all night beside! Here we are inclined to pause for a moment, and reflect upon the courage and ingenuity that the two Americans displayed. We have often read of escapes from prison, but who ever knew those confined in them to return for shelter? It was the only safe course for Lovell and Brooks to pursue, and they boldly resolved upon it, and put their resolution into practice, as we have seen. Had they done otherwise, they would most certainly have been retaken.

'You are lazy loons,' said the turnkey.

'Ah! we had sweet dreams of home, and one could hardly wish to awaken from so happy a delusion to the stern reality of a prison like this,' said Lovell.

'True, true,' said the turnkey, a little touched by the tone and words of his prisoners.

'Well, there must some day be an end to the war, and then you'll be free again. For my part I don't believe in putting prisoners of war into a felon's cell, and I don't care who knows it.'

'Honest fellow, there's my hand,' said Lovell, springing from his bed.

'Well, well, cheer up, there's hope ahead you know, always.'

Thus saying, the turnkey, who probably feared that he might be discovered talking to the prisoners, hastened to lock the door again, and pursue his rounds.

'By heavens, Brooks,' said Lovell, 'how a kind word does thrill one's heart, let who will utter it, and we havn't been overburthened with the commodity here.' Lovell wiped a tear from his eyes as he spoke.

'Ay, ay,' replied Brooks, 'it does belay one's heart strings.'

Again did the hour arrive for them to sally out from their prison, and again did they cautiously creep from their secret passage. Lovell had issued first from the aperture as before, and now just as he had drawn Brooks, who was somewhat shorter, through the hole, he discovered a sentinel not more than thirty paces from them. His plan was formed in a moment, how to get over the first difficulty. The sentinel had just passed the hole as he issued, most fortunately, and his back was towards them. The plank had been removed cautiously, and did not attract his attention. Lovell saw that the man must soon turn on his way back, and directing Brooks to lie flat upon his back in the shadow of the wall he did the same, awaiting the approach of the sentinel, who, half asleep, again listlessly approached the spot just as he had passed it. Lovell sprang upon his back and threw him upon the ground in an instant, stopping his mouth with his handkerchief. In vain were his struggles, he was bound hand and foot with his own equipments, and in order to render all safe, till their cell should be discovered to be empty, he was pushed head first down the hole under the floor of the prison, so closely tied that he could not free himself, and so gagged that he could not make his situation known until in the search for the prisoners, he should be found.

Lovell secreted the bayonet of the guard in his dress, and then the two hurried off to the pier. They did not wish to get on board until just as the ship was under way, which would be at day-break, lest some circumstance might occur which would lead to their detection. So they concealed themselves under the pier until they heard the orders given on board the ship to weigh anchor, and saw that the tide served for her to sail, when they silently let themselves down into the water, divested of most of their clothing, and swam quietly to the side of the vessel.

'Who comes there?' shouted the captain, as they attempted to board.

'Men who fell overboard just above, and have been swept down with the tide,' said Lovell, winking to Brooks to keep silent and let him manage it.

'O! well, here cook, steward, give these people some Jamaica, for they are half drowned. Be lively there, they can't stay long, for we are off as soon as the pilot's aboard. I've made the signal for one.'

'All right, sir,' said Lovell. 'I'm the pilot. I saw your signal, and as I was stepping into a boat up above to come down, my mate there also stepped in at the same minute, and faith we come on board without a boat, that's all.'

'Ay, ay, all right there; well, shall we let go and spread at once?'

'Yes, the tide serves exactly,' said Lovell, 'but just haul down the signal, or you will have all the pilots in tow aboard! One's enough you know.'

'Ay, ay, down with that signal. I say, pilot, wont you have a dry coat and pants? There's plenty of them down below—go put a pair on.'

'Thank ye—I'm rather wet, I will!' and Lovell and Brooks, stepping below, not only helped themselves to some dry clothes, but also to a good refreshing meal supplied by the captain's orders, such as they had not eaten of before for nearly a year. Lovell soon appeared on deck to assume the direction of the ship as pilot, and said:

'Give up to me, captain. I'll steer you out of this bit of a channel in the most approved manner.'

The captain, deeming all right, handed his speaking trumpet to Lovell, as a token to the crew that they were to obey him, and then went below with Brooks. Now Brooks was an entertaining fellow, well informed, and of very pleasant address, and exerting himself to the utmost, he drank with the captain, chatted, talked and drank again, until the Peruvian's brain could bear no more, and he was carried to his cot, while Brooks, whose head was good proof against the quantity of spirit he had drank, went on deck to join Lovell, telling him the state of affairs.

'Just the thing,' said Lovell, who had himself assumed the helm. 'I can get a good offing before he will come upon deck, and then we will pretend that we are sick of England, and offer to serve on board, and go home with him, provided he will promise not to give us up to any cruiser we may meet.'

'If we can manage that, all will be well.'

Lovell had crowded the ship from her main topmast to the deck, with every sail she could bear, and was making a tremendous headway through the water. Even the old tars forward looked over her bows, and declared that they had scarcely, if ever, seen the Lima do so much before. Lovell determined to make as much offing as possible before the captain appeared upon deck, as he had intimated, so as to render the possibility of his returning out of the question, for he had a lurking fear that he might think of doing so when he found that himself and Brooks designed to remain on board. Both the tide and wind were full in favor of the Lima, and when the captain came up the next morning he found, by observation, that in the last twenty-four hours the ship had run a distance of two hundred and forty miles, and was already laying on her right course to sail directly for Cape Horn. He heard with evident satisfaction, the determination of Lovell and Brooks to remain on board his ship, and declared that they should be his guests, free of charge the whole passage, unless Lovell, who he was convinced was a thorough nautical man, was willing to stand the captain's watch during the voyage, and save him the trouble. This Lovell was very happy to agree to, if only to make himself useful on board the ship and to the captain. Thus arranged, the two found themselves, if not borne nearer to their homes at Boston, yet each moment escaping further from their enemies.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BUCCANEERS OF THE SPANISH MAIN.

For more than a century, dating from the year 1625, the Atlantic and Pacific sides of South America were the scenes of the most bloody exploits of which we have authentic record.

At the time of the date mentioned, English and French adventurers began to flock to the West Indies, or as they were best known, the Spanish Indies, and after a series of daring adventures, in which they made themselves actual masters of the Caribbean and neighboring seas, they in time separated, for they had become too numerous to remain longer together with profit, and a few found their way across the isthmus of Panama, and established themselves on the Pacific side of the

Southern continent. In vain were the endeavors of the Spaniards to expel them from the seas; they were far too strong for their enemy, although he had the advantage of well found and better manned galleons. The roving character of these buccaneers kept them constantly at sea, and to these rude and wicked men are we indebted for most of the earliest discoveries in the South of the numerous beautiful islands that thrive upon its breast.

Leaguing themselves with the natives of the country, the buccaneers thus possessed themselves of an advantage against their enemies, the Spaniards, that weighed heavily in their own favor. The native tribes of the Dariens and Mosquitoes, on the main land, being supplied with arms and ammunition by the pirates, became most formidable enemies to the Spaniards, whom they hated as an Indian only can do. They considered them as endeavoring to get their land away from them, and every wily suggestion of the buccaneers against the Spaniards was fostered and matured by the rude natives, until they lashed themselves into fury, and then wreaked their vengeance against the Castilians.

Those who have read our novelette, entitled Red Rupert, are faithfully informed of this celebrated class of men. Our tale carries us again into these seas, and we have deemed it proper to say thus much in explanation of the origin of the buccaneers, one of the latest of whom will figure in these pages.

There was a young man, an Englishman by birth, who, hearing of the adventurous lives of the buccaneers, conceived the idea of joining them, although he was but sixteen years of age. He was nobly connected in England, but he left his home, and on board of some vessel bound to South America, reached the scene of Red Rupert's exploits. After a short period he succeeded in enlisting in his service, and being found a person of great intelligence and excellent understanding, Rupert advanced him while yet but seventeen years of age, to the place of first mate of his ship, the Darien. This was but a few months previous to his leaving his hazardous employment altogether for domestic retirement, and when he did so, he was not long in resolving in his own mind what should be done with the ship. He presented her to his mate as a free gift, exacting this promise, that his motto should be to avenge the injuries of the native tribes of the isthmus of Panama.

The young man, then but seventeen years of age, assumed the command of the ship, which he at once manned after the

style and manner that Red Rupert himself had always done, and soon rendered his name to be nearly as much a terror as was that of the Darien prince himself. He had assumed the name of Galleppó, and by this title he was known among the rovers as well as the Spaniards. His only depredations were upon the latter people, and no American or English whaler with whom those seas since 1780 have abounded, had ever been annoyed in any way by the force that Galleppo had kept in the Pacific. It is perhaps for this reason that the ships of war of neither of these countries, had never made it a point to seek out his secret hiding place, or to find him upon the ocean.

The wild and still unexplored group of the Gallipagos was the spot where the daring Galleppo made his rendezvous; and there are some who pretend to say that this group received its name from him, or else that the Spanish called him by the name we have given by reason of his frequenting those islands, and indeed making them his home whenever he was not cruising against them. Many is the trading vessel which has entered the group, and immediately after lost all command of itself, for there are swift-running and contrary currents here, that unless the navigator is fully acquainted with them, render the navigation of the most dangerous and fearful character. But the pirates knew them all, and how to profit by them. They had sounded the waters, and could run within a yard of the dangerous ledges that would have destroyed those not knowing the true course. These islands are entirely uninhabited, yet they yield the richest and most palatable food, far exceeding in excellence the best of turtle, though these are also to be had in abundance. The water, too, abounds in the most delicious varieties of fish, and the woods in all kinds of sea-fowl, and many birds which afford the best of food indigenous to the land. The climate is of the most salubrious character, and there are many beauties peculiar to these islands. The English mocking-birds fill the woods and swell their tiny throats in various notes of softest cadence; other sweet singers blend their voices with this feathered songster, producing the most seductive and thrilling strains. And no less delighted is the eye than the ear, for these tiny feathered creatures are clothed in the most gaudy colors, and of the most delicate and beautiful proportions. The Spaniards call them the enchanted isles, and richly they deserve the name.

One mild August evening, just as twilight began to deepen

over the wide expanse of the Pacific Ocean, there might have been seen gathered on a hill-side of an island, and near the sea, a group of seamen. They were clothed in a rude uniform, and altogether evinced that they were ruled by some queer fashion or mind which would give to them a sort of military or naval aspect. Floating opposite to this group, lay moored within a pistol shot of the shore, a ship of about three hundred tons burthen, of the most beautiful model, her delicate spars and hull painted black, while the ropes being well tarred in the setting up were of the same color, and without, the ship presented one mass of dark, unrelieved outline. But from the bank, where a portion of the crew now lay, a view might be had of her deck, where the observer would note at once that within her bulwarks she was painted of the most beautiful white, being in singular contrast to the black hue without. She was an armed ship, and pierced for six heavy guns on a side, with all the appearance of a vessel of war.

An hundred rods to the right of the group of seamen, shaded by the overhanging branches of a rich palm tree, might be seen the dark entrance of a cave. Issuing from this entrance at the hour of which we speak, came the soft and melodious notes of a guitar, accompanied by a female voice, so soft and tender in its accent, that it seemed to come from some spirit of the place, and as its gentle notes were borne on the mild zephyrs to where the crew were gathered on the hill-side, they paused in their rude jokes and songs, and seemed to listen with a degree of reverence to the strains of melody that reached them. At last the song was ended, and then the seamen spoke among themselves again.

'That was a sweet Northerner,' said one to another.

'Ay, you may talk about these Spanish girls, and Darien Indian women, with their big, passionate eyes but give me such an one as this angel of a girl the captain has in yonder.'

'They say she's from the north.'

'Well, it may be so, but if she come from Lapland, I would rather fall down and worship the intellect of her eyes, and the soft expression in her face, than all the loving eyes of Spain smiling on me.'

'You are getting sentimental, Bruce,' said the first speaker, 'but faith I agree with you; this bird the captain has caged in yonder is an angel.'

'All the men say the same.'

'Ay, every man of them."

'The captain treats her with as much respect as he exacts from us officers, but I don't believe he thrives in his suit.'

'No, that's plain.'

'He perseveres though.''

'Yes, there is no end to his stratagems to make her comfortable and happy, and to win her smiles, but, poor girl, her heart's not in the cave.'

'The captain has been on the other side of the island half the day, to get some game for her; he won't let any one shoot it for her.'

As the reader will surmise, this conversation was carried on between two of the petty officers of the ship's company, who sat a little by themselves from the rest of the men, thus keeping, in some degree, the distinction on shore, which it was necessary to maintain on board the vessel when on duty.

Let us describe the cave to you, kind reader, which made the home of the pirate chief when on shore. The entrance was hardly of such dimensions as to admit of the passage of a person in an erect posture. Immediately after entering you came to a tiny lake of unknown depth, but not more than thirty feet across. Over this had been thrown a bridge, spanning the water with a single arch. Having crossed this bridge, you came to the principal portions of the cave, which seemed to be formed from the shell of some immense rock, the roof and sides of which were lofty, being of solid stone.

The ingenuity of the dwellers had divided the principal portion of the cave, into convenient apartments; beyond this, the cave narrowed until it reached to another lake, and crossing this, it continued to narrow until it came quite down to a level again, and to the sea itself, which seemed to make under the opposite side of the island to this place. The whole cave and all the apartments in it, were lit up with the light of day most strangely, by an unaccountable reflection of light from the numerous lakes that flowed from unknown sources, and sank again at abrupt and unexplorable points. Such was the home of the renowned Galleppo, the bucanneer of the Pacific.

His home here was doubly secure, for a whole fleet might sail within a cable's length, and not discover the inlet that led to the little cove, and where his ships lay. So bold and abrupt was the mountainous shore, too, that around where he moored his ship, her top-masts were even entirely hid, and to reach it themselves, the pirates were obliged to make through

a winding passage that rendered their sails useless, and the ship was consequently towed through the passage, by means which had suggested themselves to the captain of the rovers, after making the passage a few times. Thrice had the rover escaped from a superior force of the enemy, to his hiding place, and so strangely, that the superstitious Spaniards accorded to him the character of being leagued with the evil one himself, and not unfrequently did they declare that no human power could avail against the buccaneer.

Soon after the notes of the song had ceased, there appeared a female form at the entrance of the cave, of very beautiful mould, and the voluptuous perfections that developed themselves under a southern sky. The female might have been a girl of nineteen summers, and she was possessed of the full perfections of a perfect woman. This cannot be she of whom the men had spoken, for observe the dreamy beauty of her large and lustrous eyes; no, that girl is a half breed of the Darien and Spanish blood, but she is very lovely, and so scantily clad as to display every grace and charm of her handsome person. She stood gazing from the entrance of the cave towards the mountains, evidently in the expectation of the arrival of some one, doubtless the rover himself. She now lit up with gladness. It is Galleppo returning with his gun upon his shoulder, while the fullness of the pouch at his side bears testimony of the good fortune that has attended him. It was not long before he came to the cave, and laying his hand kindly upon the bare neck of the girl, he asked, while he looked into her beaming countenance:

'How is she?'

'The Northerner is well.'

'Does she smile ever with thee, Fonda?'

'Never.'

'Never?'

'Save sometimes, but still mournfully, while she talks of her home, and the friends of her childhood.'

'Indeed!'

'Yes, and pity her, Galleppo.'

'Hush! she will hear thee.'

'What do you mean to do, Galleppo, with the Northern girl?' asked the half breed.

'Have I not told thee, Fonda, that I held her for ransom?'

'Ay, thou hast said so, many times, but I know not the tongue in which you talk with her,' said Fonda, darkly, her

face assuming a peculiar expression, and a fire burning in her eye that was lit by jealousy.

'Never doubt me, Fonda,' said the buccaneer, kissing her forehead.

'Did I wrong you then?' said the half breed, resting her head upon his breast.

'When you doubt my constancy, then you wrong me.'

'I'll doubt no more,' said Fonda, overcome in a moment, by the caresses of the rover, which from their effect upon her, he was doubtless somewhat chary of.

Thus saying, the two entered the cave, and crossing the tiny bridge, were soon in the apartment that formed the buccaneer's parlor or sitting room. Here they joined another female, she whose music the men had heard, and whom they had spoken of as the cage bird, of such beauty and purity.

'I had rare luck to-day, lady, and have brought thee delicate food,' said the rover, displaying the contents of his pouch to her whom they found in the cave.

'A crust of bread were sweeter if eaten in freedom.'

'Why call thyself other than free where you are indeed mistress?' he asked.

'Ah! all this is useless, years may roll by, and I shall feel the same, Sir Rover; no circumstance can ever change me.'

'Obdurate heart,' muttered Galleppo.

While he spoke, the half breed jealously watched him.

'What could I think, were every other consideration gone, of thee and this poor girl? Think you she has no heart to blight?'

'I have taken and kept her but in charity; she is an orphan, and I saved her life in battle on the main land between the Dariens and the Spaniards. She is my slave, not my wife, lady. Pray do not let this consideration—'

'Nay, sir, argument is useless. Behold her while we speak, she does not understand our words, but she does the purport of them; her heart interprets that for her. Ah! sir, you have deceived that poor, yet beautiful creature.'

'Fonda,' said she, in the Spanish tongue, 'come hither.'

The girl approached, and reading the fond regard of the speaker beaming from her eyes, put her arm about her neck and kissed her. Galleppo turning, sought another apartment in the cave, leaving the two friends together.

'Inglese, my sister,' said Fonda, in the few words of English she knew.

'Yes, Fonda, thy sister in misery.'

'Your friends will pay ransom,' replied Fonda in Spanish, 'and then you will go again to your home, and the friends that I know must love you so well.'

'It is not the want of ransom that keep me, poor girl,' said her companionion thoughtfully, for she had been warned by the rover, on her peril, not to reveal aught of his wish or purpose relating to herself or to Fonda, and indeed, she had from some policy, rigorously observed this course towards the half breed, since she had first entered the precincts of their island home. When she said this, the dark eyes of Fonda were bent upon her as though she could read her inmost soul.

'My sister speaks in riddles.'

'I did but forget myself, Fonda, I am so unhappy,' said her companion, bursting into tears, and sobbing as though her heart would break with grief.

'Does my sister love Galleppo?'

'No!' said her companion with earnestness.

'I may believe thee?'

'Have I ever deceived thee?'

'Indeed thou hast not.'

'Believe me true then.'

'I will, I do,' said Fonda, kissing the pure white brow of her companion.

The reader will easily understand the position of affairs at the buccaneer's cave, after a moment's reflection. Fonda was, as we have said, a girl of both Spanish and Indian parentage, an orphan who had come into the possession of Galleppo perhaps more in the light of a servant than in any other capacity; but the rover had long treated her as his wife, and the girl herself supposed him true in his affections for her. This will have already been observed by the reader, through Fonda's conversation with Galleppo at the entrance of the cave. Here also, under confinement against her own will, was another female, whom the rover evidently wished to mould to his purpose, and whom he must have loved with some degree of truth, for he seemed to seek her love by kindness, and to avoid every appearance of force, or aught that approached towards it. Fonda, as we have intimated, did not understand the language in which the rover conversed with his captive, and therefore, so guarded was Galleppo before her, that she could only surmise as it regarded the true state of his feelings.

Galleppo was himself a reckless and daring man, having pase-

ed enough of time under the daring and renowned Red Rupert as second in command, to have imbibed in no small degree, the fire of his master's spirit. It was really curious and worthy of note, the mode in which he governed his men, composed of such reckless and stubborn spirits as they were. Yet he exacted and maintained the most rigid discipline. His men were all enlisted as if in regular service, and paid their monthly wages. If a prize was made, they also enjoyed a share of the prize money, and they thus become completely his men during their enlistment, and subject to his sole guidance. A few days subsequent to the one in which we have introduced the reader to the Pirate Cave in the Gallipagos, the rover captain sat near the beautiful northern girl; he was pleading with her, but in vain, for the calm contempt that shone from her eye was not to be mistaken. At last the demon in his eye broke out unchecked. Until now his advances had been made under the cloak of affection and pretended love, but now he threw off all disguise, and revealed the vile purpose that actuated him.

'Let me tell thee, lady, that you can never return to those friends for whom you mourn so constantly, until you have acceded to my wishes.'

'That will never be!' said she.

'Never, say you?'

'Never, and it is well you have now thrown by all disguise. You might have done it earlier and saved yourself much trouble.'

'Lady, you do not know me. I have thrown off all disguise, and will now tell thee that I have loved thee earnestly and truly, and that it needed but thy fostering care to render that love a blessing, and a means whereby to win me completely to your will. You have disdained my proffered love, my honorable love; and now my regard is turned to passion; ay, I own it frankly.'

'Vile being,' said his companion.

'Taunt on, you will have cause to curse, in room of taunting.'

'You dare not offer me violence.'

'Dare not? Who is master here save Galleppo?'

'God! He is master everywhere and will protect the innocent and and helpless. I trust in Him whom you know not.'

'Trust in whom thou wilt, still art thou mine,' said the rover, approaching her and seizing her by both arms at the same moment

'O! Heaven protect me.'

'Be quiet, lady, for there are none near to hear thee, and cries can avail thee nothing in this cave.'

'Help!' shouted his companion, in terror.

'I tell thee that there are none to help thee here, so save thy strength.'

'Fonda, Fonda, help me!' again shouted his victim.

'She, too, is far from here,' said the rover, 'and heeds thee not.'

'O! God, wilt thou forsake me?' she said, in despair.

At this moment the entrance of the apartment was thrown open, and with the speed of light itself, a female form rushed upon the person of the rover, striking a dagger at his heart. He staggered and fell, but the next moment was upon his feet again, and wrenching the weapon from Fonda, for it was she who struck him to the earth, and so stabbing her she fell dead, without uttering a single groan, a corpse at his feet.

'Poor fool,' said Galleppo, "thy jealousy has cost thee thy life.'

But while he spoke, he staggered with the loss of blood, but yet had sufficient presence of mind to blow a shrill call upon a silver whistle hanging at his neck, and in a moment a couple of men entered the apartment.

'Secure the lady,' said the rover, falteringly, 'put a shot to the feet of Fonda, sew her up in a canvass sheet, and sink her off the lee side of the island. Send Windhurst to me with bandages.'

'Ay,' said the men, one proceeding to lock up the lady, and the other going after him called Windhurst, who acted as a sort of surgeon to the captain and crew of the buccaneeer ship.

The rover had thought himself certain of attaining his object either in one way or another, and had sent Fonda out of the way in the meantime, but she surmised somewhat of his purpose in sending her away, and had returned soon after her departure from the cave. She heeded not the declarations of the two guards at the entrance of the cave, that the captain had given strict orders not to be interrupted. Indeed, this declaration in itself, seemed to fire her earnestness, and she first entreated, and then insisted, and at last broke wildly through the guard, on hearing a cry come from the cave, and arrived, as the reader has seen, most opportunely. The wild passion of jealousy had caused her to aim a blow at the life of Galleppo, whom she loved with all her heart. That blow had proved

nearly fatal to him, and his, poor girl! his blow had sent her at once to meet her God. Faithfully had she served and loved the rover for a number of years, and indeed, at first, he too had been faithful, and kind to her, but the reckless life he led, and the company he kept, corroded every germ of goodness that was left within him, and he sickened of his first love.

Perhaps to the reader the conduct of Fonda may seem to be exaggerated. That she could have so suddenly sacrificed him she had long loved and enjoyed, to protect one who was to her a comparative stranger. This is not the light in which to look at the act of the half breed. She was born of two of the most passionate nations in the world (the native Spaniard and the native race of America), it was jealousy alone that caused her to strike, not for the intended victim of her husband, (for in the sight of heaven he was her husband); she loved her as every one must do who is brought in contact with virtue, innocence, and combined loveliness of mind and person, but all these were as nought compared to her husband while he was true to her; but the moment she beheld that he would be unfaithful to her, she wished to see him die, ay, and to spill his blood with her own hand. Such is the revengeful spirit that seems to make up a part and parcel of the nature of an Indian and a Spaniard. Those who have read Red Rupert, referred to in these pages, will remember the character of Mina, the Darien maid, wherein is faithfully displayed the character of the native race, as to their jealousy and revengeful passions.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE ESSEX.

Be still patient, kind reader, and turn with us to the far off Pacific, where the Essex, United States frigate, sailed from the Washington group of islands, where she had laid up for repairs after nearly a two years' cruise against the English, she made a southerly cruise, running between the Gallipagos and the main land. The crew had passed a vacation among the hospitable natives, whose generosity leads them to give up even their women to the desires of the strangers who visit their shores. The ship was entirely refitted, and stood gallantly on her cruise, filled with stout and happy hearts. Lieutenant Herbert had com-

mand of one of the prizes taken from the enemy by the Essex, and with a gallant crew, was keeping company with several other of the frigates captured and armed prizes taken in the Pacific. It was nearly nightfall when the Essex gave chase to a strange sail that she discovered to the southward, and which she neared very fast. At first the stranger had evidently endeavored to escape, but on the Essex showing her flag, and firing a gun for her to heave to, the stranger shortened sail and even tacked and stood for the American man-of-war.

The Essex sent an armed boat on board of the stranger, with Lieutenant McKnight to examine her papers, and learn who her people were. The boat was kindly received and learned that the ship was the Lima, from Bristol, England, bound for Peru, and blown out of her course by a heavy gale of wind that had lasted for some days. What was the surprise of Lieutenant McKnight, to find Captain Herbert, Lovell, and Brooks, all old friends and messmates on board the Lima. The reader will remember very well how they came on board the Peruvian ship, while she was in Bristol harbor, passing themselves off most successfully as pilots belonging to the place. The two were brought on board the Essex when the boat returned, and were received in the kindest manner by Captain Porter, with whom Lovell was well acquainted as an officer of the United States Navy for many years, and he had even sailed with him while Lovell was a lieutenant.

Lovell and Brooks related their adventures in a few words to the officers of the Essex, and heard with no little pleasure of the extraordinary success of Captain Porter in his cruise among the isles of the Pacific Ocean. And well might their wonder be awakened, for although the Essex had doubled Cape Horn, absolutely destitute of provisions for her crew and every man on short allowance, yet at the time when Lovell came on board she was fully supplied with every variety of provisions that these beautiful islands afforded, as well as with plenty of animal food fresh and good. They had, too, a full supply of naval stores taken from their various prizes, and indeed, were more like a ship's crew just from port, than one that had already cruised for nearly three years. Lovell asked to see Lieutenant Herbert.

'He commands one of my prizes, the Druid,' said Captain Porter.

'Indeed, sir?'

'Yes, and she is an important command, being well manned,

I shall give her to you as captain, and leave Mr. Herbert as your first, and Mr. Brooks as second lieutenant.'

'Many thanks, sir, I really long to be again associated with so brave and gallant a comrade as I have found Herbert.'

'Very well, sir, the Druid is yours for the present.'

'Which vessel is it?' asked Lovell of those about him.

'Here off our larboard quarter, she that is ahead of the rest, and sets so trim and man-of-war like. She's a tall one I assure you, Lovell.'

'Yes, and how Herbert handles her. I declare I long to grasp his honest hand again.'

'He's a brave fellow, and Captain Porter says he shall do all he can to get him promoted when he gets home, for his service out here.'

'He deserves it, and more,' said Lovell, 'a braver or better man never trod the quarter deck of a man-of-war.'

This meeting of the Essex with the Peruvian was some four weeks previous to her capture by the British, in the unequal battle off the harbor of Valparaiso. Here the English, with their usual want of honor, disregarded entirely the law of nations, and attacked the Essex while at anchor, within a pistol shot of a neutral port; but even though the Americans were here beset by far the largest force both in armament and in the number of men, with the advantage of being two ships against me, yet the crew of the Essex under these disadvantageous circumstances, would actually have beat off one and taken the other, of her assailants, but for an accident to her rigging, which rendered her materially deficient in sailing, being struck by a squall of wind just as she rounded the highlands of Valparaiso.

After arriving on board the Druid, Captain Lovell embraced with the warmest regard his old comrade Herbert who also was overjoyed to see him again. Lovell then sent for the captain of the ship in which he had made the voyage from England, and fully remunerated him as far as he could do so in a pecuniary way, for his kindness to them on the passage from Bristol to the Pacific.

'But you'll take out your pilot fee, won't you?' asked the captain of the Lima, in a joking way.

'No, no, my friend, keep all.'

'But you actually saved me the cost, for unless you had run my ship out to sea, I should have had to employ one.'

'Say no more about it, you have been a gentleman and a

friend to us both, and I have enough and to spare of such stuff,' said Lovell, pressing the hard bag of dollars upon the captain of the Lima.

After partaking of the hospitality of the Druid, and bidding adieu to his two American friends, the captain of the Peruvian ship squared his yards and spreading sail after sail, was ere many hours, out of sight, in the opposite direction to that followed by the Essex and her prizes.

The succeeding day, Captain Lovell received the following written orders from the captain of the Essex, relative to his course in the Druid:

'On board the U. S. S. Essex, Pacific Ocean, Oct., 1814.

Sir: As you are now well victualled for a number of months, and have a good armament of twenty guns and sixty-eight men, I am anxious that you should cruise among the islands of the sea, particularly those of the Gallipagos, to pick off any English whaler or merchant ship that may be here to trade with the natives. I hope you may be able to make some good prizes, in order to give account of yourself when I next meet you, which I hope may be in the United States. I enclose herewith some suggestions relative to taking the Druid round Cape Horn, which are dictated by my own experience.

'You had better not stay in this sea later than three, five, or six months at the farthest, and this you can easily do by revictualing at the Washington group, and giving your seamen a little recreation on shore, to keep off the scurvy and ill health. There is said to be a daring rover in the neighborhood of the cruising grounds I have laid out for you. If you shall fall in with him, and manage to take his ship, the probability is that your prize money would amount to a large sum. Besides this you will be rendering a great service to the trade of all nations, by clearing the Pacific of this scourge, though I am informed that he does not particularly meddle with American vessels.

(Signed.)

These orders were just what Lovell could have desired, and he hoped to add new fame to his name, and that of his gallant crew, before he should return to America. After receiving these orders, the Druid fired a parting salute, and seperating from her companions, bore away among the isles of this calm and beautiful ocean in search of adventure, and to do all in his power to establish the glory of that country whose stripes floated at her main.

Lieutenant Herbert had not until this time alluded to the loss of Lucy Cunningham by storm at sea, and Lovell, forgetting that Herbert had enjoyed an opportunity of seeing his friends at Boston, since he had done so, did not ask after them, busied as he had been up to this time. It was a matter that Herbert would have gladly avoided if he could have done so, but at the first leisure moment Lovell found from duty, Herbert was summoned to his side.

'Well, Herbert, I forgot you had been in Boston since myself. How did you find my family ?'

'Well, quite well, sir.'

'And you found Kate Mowbray, Mr. Herbert, was she well too ?' asked Lovell, leaving Lucy's name to the very last, though in his eagerness, he could hardly wait until the preliminary questions were answered.

'She was well and happy, sir.'

'That is very good news, Mr. Herbert.'

'It is indeed,' said Herbert, almost trembling, while he anticipated that which must come.

'Did you call at the Cunninghams, Mr. Herbert ?'

'I did not, sir.'

'No !'

'No, sir, but——'

'But what ! Mr. Herbert ?'

'I heard from them, sir.'

'Well ?'

'The fact is, Caprain Lovell, you must prepare yourself for bad news.'

'Don't prepare me for anything, Mr. Herbert ; speak out at once.'

'Well then, sir, I must tell you that Lucy and her father were missing when I left Boston, and it was supposed they must have perished in a storm at sea as they went out the day before in a yacht, and never returned.'

'God have mercy upon me,' said Lovell, falling back on his chair.

'Bear up manfully against the bereavement, Lovell,' said Herbert, 'and let us seek to forget this unhappy event in the bustle and activity of our profession. Let us follow glory, Lovell.'

'I have no ambition now,' said Lovell, in bitterness.

'Nay, but you are too strong minded, sir, to give up thus to a bereavement sent from Heaven for some good purpose.'

'Ah! Herbert,' said Lovell, 'do you love Kate Mowbray and talk thus to me? You cannot know the anguish of my heart at this moment, to have its sunlight, its hope, its all thus banished from it. O! Herbert, when you shall have loved, as I have done, that gentle sweet, kind hearted girl, Lucy Cunningham, and thus lose the object of your love, then I say, perhaps you will know how I feel now!'

As Lovell spoke, he covered his handsome face with his hand, and the big tears started through his fingers and fell upon the table before him.

'I do indeed condole with you, Lovell, I were else unworthy the name of friend, but still I say, cheer up; there is much and many of the joys of this life still open before thee. Think of the fame you have already won.'

'A mere bauble, all light as vanity itself. Ah! with Lucy to share my fame, my fortune, my happiness, I could have thanked Heaven for a full cup of blessedness, but I cannot be happy again.'

'Time will heal this wound——'

'Stay, kind Herbert,' interrupted Lovell, 'oblige me by never speaking upon the subject again, and I will thank you.'

'Certainly, if it is your wish.'

'It is, Herbert.'

'I shall certainly respect it.'

Thus saying, the two friends grasped each other's hands warmly, and Herbert left the cabin, and Lovell retired to think over the unhappy intelligence he had received.

From that time forward, Herbert never referred to the subject of the loss of Lucy Cunningham and her father; and indeed, he never spoke of his own dear love, the kind and gentle Kate Mowbray, lest it might revive the thoughts that he knew were as daggers to his friend's heart. As to Lovell he said nothing; but Herbert could see the trouble of the mind work upon the body, and that Lovell grew thin and his cheeks sunken. He never smiled, but was kind and thoughtful to all. He seemed to redouble his vigilance as if to find repose for his troubled mind in the bustle and activity of the profession he followed. Herbert began to fear for his friend's life, so deeply did the loss of his betrothed affect him. But some three weeks after Lovell's health seemed to be worse, the Druid fell in with a English letter of marque of about her own number of guns and men, though in the latter respect she outnumbered the Druid. The first tap of the drum that called Lovell's crew to

their quarters, seemed to awaken him from the lethargy into which he had fallen. And from the commencement of the action, which proved a most bloody one, he was himself again. It seemed that he had resolved to try and forget his unhappiness, and his crew did not hesitate to remark to one another that the captain hadn't looked so happy this many a day as he did when he brought the Druid into action with the British letter of marque Traveller.

The Traveller had been fitted out in England by some private company for the purpose of privateering, and the Pacific had been chosen for her, as it was thought she would be less likely to meet with any armed vessel in the pay of the United States government here than in the Alantic, and it was also hoped that she might succeed in taking some ship laden with sperm oil, a full cargo of which would be worth one hundred thousand dollars; but thanks to the enterprise of Captain Porter, the American interest in this sea was at that time well guarded by his own vessel and his armed prizes.

The Traveller mounted eighteen guns, and her complement was nearly an hundred men, or forty more than the Druid, while the American vessel had the advantage of two more guns than her enemy, but scarcely enough men to man them all. Lovell of course, determined at once to bring the Traveller to action, although he could see by the number of her crew that she had greatly the advantage. While his crew were all at quarters, and the two vessels, now running on the same track, were nearing each other, Lovell spoke to the crew.

'My men, we have got a good chance now to show the stuff we are made of, the enemy yonder is just enough stronger than we are to make it worth while to whip him, a true Yankee had always rather his enemy should have the advantage, if there is any inequality, and they have it yonder, so we must fight so much the harder as to make up the differance. I owe them no good will, and shall take my share of the duty with a vast deal of satisfactinn. Remember we conquer or go down with that flag where it is.'

This speech was received with three cheers by the crew, and in a few subsequent moments the firing commenced on both sides. Both commanders seemed determined to conquer or die, and the fate of the battle perhaps was in some measure against the Druid, when Lovell called the steward to bring his rifle from the cabin. It was loaded, and he leveled it and shot the captain off one of the enemy's guns. Another took his place,

and in the meantime the rifle was reloaded by the steward. Lovell fired again and the man fell, another took his place, and still Lovel fired again and with the same effect until he had killed nine of the enemy. He was celebrated as being an unequalled shot with the rifle, and the loss of the nine men who were working their principal gun, operated not a little towards disheartening the enemy. Lovell's attention was now called to the direction of his own crew again, but in another moment he fired again, and again did the man who was pointing that gun fall dead at his post—making ten men that Lovell had shot in as many minutes with his own hands, and so near were the enemy that each shot had proved fatal. The gun was not manned again, and in five minutes later, the Traveller struck her flag to the American armed prize Druid.

The loss of the enemy was surprisingly large. Out of a crew of ninety-eight men there were but twenty-two remaining unhurt. Ten were wounded severely, and the rest mortally, or killed. The Druid lost twelve of her men, five severely wounded, two slightly; the action lasting twenty-five minutes.

The Traveller was immediately repaired by Lovell, and found to be remarkably well supplied in every particular. There were found six Germans among her crew, who fought because they were hired to do so, and would as willingly fight on one side as the other, provided they were well paid. These men Lovell engaged, as he was very short handed. There were also two impressed seamen on board claiming to be Americans, these also enlisted, making eight men. To these he added four of his own crew, making twelve men on board the prize, which was now in complete order. He then sailed for Valparaiso, where he landed the prisoners on their parole of honor not to serve against the United States until they were regularly exchanged; and procured the enlistment of fifteen men here, Americans, who had been lying idle to ship on board some whaler, but being offered good pay, and desiring to serve their country, they joined Lovell; ten were added to the prize crew of the Traveller, thus making her complement twenty-three men; the other five made up the number of his own crew to fifty effective fighting men.

The Traveller being now sufficiently manned to take care of herself, was given in charge of Mr. Brooks, (for Herbert did not wish to part from Lovell), with directions to make the best of his way to the United States; and if anything fell in his way that he was pretty sure of taking, he might give them a try, but always to be on the sure side.

After arriving at Boston the prize was to be disposed of to the highest bidder, and the proceeds invested as usual. And we may as well mention here, for we shall not have occasion to speak of her again, that the Traveller was brought safely into Boston harbor in due time by Mr. Brooks, and disposed of under approval of the proper authorities, and the prize-money properly distributed and invested.

Captain Lovell, having disposed of his prize, now turned the Druid towards the Washington group of islands, where he purposed, in accordance with his orders, to refit his vessel, take in a fresh supply of provisions and water, and after giving his men some recreation on shore, to renew his cruising ground in the immediate vicinity of the Gallipagos.

At the Washington group, he found that a small bit of rusty iron would purchase of the natives as much bread fruit as he desired for the crew at one time, and one whale tooth purchased him as much provisions in the way of live stock as he wished to put on board his vessel. Money was of no value here, but a whale's tooth would purchase the largest quantity of anything the islands afforded, in such high estimation do the natives hold this ornament, which they wear about their necks.

The females of the group of Washington islands, who are perhaps among the handsomest women in the world, deem it but an act of honorable hospitality to grant any favor that is ssked by visitors to the islands. But latterly the great influence of missionary labor is being experienced among them, and these females who formerly went entirely nude, now cover nearly all the body with rude garments made from a peculiar plant that grows on the islands. The men still expose nearly the whole of their persons, save that a short skirt or tight-fitting drawers, made of the same material as that of the females' garments, is worn about the thighs and middle, thus partially covering their bodies, and rendering them less offensive to the sight of civilized beings.

Here Lovell passed some weeks in refitting, and preparing his vessel for a short cruise among the Gallipagos, and afterwards for a passage round Cape Horn to the United States. The bustling and engaging character of his employment had in some degree driven away the depression that had beset him, and he appeared more like himself. But still there was a sad, melancholy expression in his eye that told of the unhappy moments he passed in secret, and how far, how very far, he was being happy. At last, after taking a most friendly leave of the hos-

pitable natives of the Washington Group, Lovell again stood out to sea with the Druid.

Early on the second day after his again taking the sea, the stirring cry was heard from the vigilant look-out of the Druid:

'Sail ho!'

'Where away?' said Lovell, who was on deck at the time.

'On the starboard bow.'

'Square rigged?'

'Yes, sir.'

The stranger was soon visible, and appeared to be a vessel about the size of the Druid, and evidently an armed one. Sail was crowded upon the Druid, till she almost flew through the water, in her speed to bring up with the strange sail; but the stranger evidently desired to evade the Druid, for fresh sail was also made on board of her. Still the Druid, evidently the best sailer, gradually gained on the chase, both steering directly among the tides and currents that make among the enchanted isles of the Gallipagos. Suddenly, and just as nightfall came over the sea, the stranger disappeared all at once, and in so strange a manner as to puzzle every one on board the Druid. The seamen talked about the Flying Dutchman and the Devil, but although Lovell was too sensible to heed such foolish suggestions as were thrown out, yet he was bewildered at the manner of her escape; and heaving to, until morning, he determined to examine the spot as nearly as he could determine, where the stranger had so singularly disappeared from their sight.

We should like to give here some of the yarns that were spun on board the Druid that night by the crew, suggested by the circumstances of the chase. Yarns about wonderful phantom ships, Davy Jones, and such sort of matter, yet all marked by some shrewd points and cunning plot that actually made them worth preserving.

So excited had the minds of the crew become relative to the vanishing of the stranger in the evening of the previous day, that Lovell feared he should find it difficult to obtain a boat's crew among them willing to go with him to examine the place.

But this was not the case, for though there may be much of superstition in Jack's temperament, yet when duty calls, he's ready and prompt to answer. Therefore, when Lovell's boat was piped away the next morning, the crew were promptly in their places, and pulled their oars without a murmur.

It was many hours before Lovell returned to the Druid's deck, nor did he do so until he had thoroughly examined the shore for a mile each way from the point where the strange ship had vanished.

When he did reach his own deck, the crew and his officers saw that he was uncommonly borne down by disappointment at having seen nothing at all of the stranger after so strict a scrutiny.

Though the crew that had manned the boat declared that they had discovered nothing themselves, still they thought that the captain had, from his manner, and in fact this was the case in some small degree, for Lovell had seen floating upon the surface of the water, a cask that he knew must have belonged to the vessel.

The crew were still more confirmed in their conjectures by Lovell summoning his officers to consultation in his cabin immediately, where they remained for a considerable period, and when they again appeared upon deck, it was only to take additional measures to put the Druid in a better state for offensive or defensive service.

The quick eye of the crew well understood the meaning of these preparations, and it was whispered about forward that some desperate service was about to be encountered, and the man awaited with no small degree of curiosity to have the affair properly explained to them, as they knew it would be in time, by the captain himself.

CHAPTER IX.

A BLOODY BATTLE WITH PIRATES,

At the time when Captain Lovell left the Druid to examine the passage the strange sail had entered, he saw no indications of where she had so strangely disappeared, or indeed any proof that she had been there at all, until just as he was about giving up the search he discovered some signs on the shore near by, that men had landed there, and he saw, too, on one of the casks that he discovered, the name of the 'Darien.' This he knew full well was the name of the ship of the Rover, Galleppo. Thence his extra precaution on again boarding his own vessel. He had said nothing to his men thus far, lest they might be

disheartened of the idea of attacking this daring rover, probably so near to his lair. But no evidence could be found that might lead him to the buccanier's strong hold.

The whole of the following day was passed in vain endeavors to find out the secret passage, for it was evident to Loveil and his officers that the buccaniers must have their rendezvous somewhere in the vicinity. Again did he call a consultation of his officers, and it was thought best to give up the useless and fruitless search on the next day, and the crew were piped to their hammocks.

It was a fine clear nigh, such as bless half of the year in the Pacific, and the Druid layclose into the shore of an island within a couple of cable lengths of the beach. About a half or three quarters of a mile off the larboard bow, was another island, and indeed beyond it, a cluster of them. Herbert had the midnight watch, and while the crew were occupied as usual forward around the foot of the foremast spinning yarns, and killing time to the best of their ability, his attention was drawn towards what he supposed to be an animal of some description, making its way towards the vessel from the islands off the larboard bow. He paid little attention to the object at first, but was at length made to do so from the regularity and precision of its motions, and from the fact of its approach to the ship. At last the object assumed the form of a man's head, and soon Herbert was convinced that it was one. As it came singly he determined to watch.

He therefore concluded to let the person, be his purpose what it might, come as near as he wished, determining only to be on his guard against treachery. In a minute or so later, the man, for it was one, reached and ascended the Druid's side, but was immediately confronted by Herbert, who asked:

'Who are you, and what would you on board this vessel?'

'Captain?' said the man inquiringly of Herbert.

'He is below, but I can't awake him without a good reason.'

'I must see him.'

'Wait till morning and you will be sure to do so.'

'Will the moon and stars wait till morning, think you?'

'Certainly not,' replied Herbert, 'the sun will take their place.'

'No, no, the captain,' said the visitor.

'Forward there, quarter master.'

'Ay, ay, sir.'

'See that this man does no harm, he must not be allowed to leave the vessel.'

'Ay, ay, sir.'

Herbert soon after returned to the deck accompanied by Lovell, who was now shown to the singular visitor, whom he asked:

'Where are you from?'

The man pointed to the islands.

'Well, what would you of the captain of the Druid?'

'Yonder is Galleppo's cave!'

'Ha!' said Lovell to Herbert, 'now we may learn what we wish.'

'You are strong.'

'Yes, go on,' said Lovell, impatiently.

'He is strong, and will spill blood like the running brook.'

'I fear him not. Where may I find his lurking place?'

Yonder is his cave,' said the man, again pointing to the island.

'This man don't understand English, Mr. Herbert, or at least but partially. I'll see if I can get him for a guide.'

'Will you show us the way?' asked Lovell, with words and signs.

'If you will take away the caged bird?'

'Well, that's queer,' said both.

'What can the fellow mean by the caged bird, Mr. Herbert?'

'I have no idea, sir.'

'I suppose it will be best to humor him,' said Lovell. Then turning to the naked islander, he said:

'Yes, we will take away all the birds.'

'Are you falcons or doves?' asked the strange person.

'Hey—well, a little of both, I think, hey, Mr. Herbert?' said Lovell.

'Why we certainly are, sir.'

'Yes, a little of both, Mr. Islander,' continued Lovell.

'If the captain will open the cage for the bird, I will show him the current that lets into Galleppo's inlet.'

'Mr. Herbert, he is inclined to act as guide for us, that's certain, but it may be some trick of the rovers to draw us into a snare. I wish I knew what the man meant about the bird.'

'We will let the birds out of all the caves on the islands, if you will guide us safely to the rendezvous of the buccaniers!'

'Yes, now, now,' said the man.

'Now ?'

'Now, now,' he repeated.

'But we had better wait for daylight, had we not.'

'No, the sun musn't see the blood spilt!'

'Hey—well, if you think it will give us any advantage to go at this time, I'm willing. But hark ye, sir native, I shall put a pistol shot through your brain at the first evidence of treachery; just remember that.'

'I hate Galleppo—but love the bird.'

'I hope it is a handsome one that you make so much talk about,' said Lovell.

Then after a few moments consultation with his officers, Lovell determined to follow the guidance of this strange visitor.

The necessary orders were issued, the anchor was weighed, and sail made in the shortest possible time. The men were armed for the shore service; from what could be gathered of the stranger, the rovers would be mainly in a cave on shore, and Lovell, therefore, made his calculations for surprising them, and endeavored to gain all the information he could from the wild creature that acted at their guide. He displayed not a little ingenuity; however, in directing the course of the Druid, and even pointed out a number of dangerous places where were sunken rocks, and sand banks, until at length the vessel entering a narrow, winding passage, the entrance to which was almost completely hidden. Indeed Lovell remembered to have passed the very spot, and yet did not see it, although he was diligently searching for any inlet or bay where the vessel might have disappeared.

It was found necessary to warp the Druid through the narrow channel, for the height of the island shut off the wind, and besides, it was too narrow a channel to admit of the use of canvass. Soon the way began to widen, and not long after, they shot out into a little land locked bay, completely hid from the view of any object without the range of mountains that surrounded it; a snugger place of retreat could not have been devised, than nature had here formed for the use of the rovers. The vessel of the pirates lay quietly at anchor, not far from the shore, and so secure did they feel, that not a person was left on board to guard her. Lovell threw a dozen men on board to hold possession, and anchored the Druid within speaking distance, and so silently as not to have aroused a soul on shore where it seemed still as death itself. The guide

pointed, with evident fear and dread, to the black mouth of the robbers' cave, which might be discovered on the sloping hill side not far from the beach.

The islander had been induced to put on some articles of dress, which he wore as if they were no new things to him, and he was also supplied with a couple of pistols, which he placed in his waistbands.

Thus equipped, he evinced the most singular emotions, at one moment standing boldly forth ready to meet the enemy, and in the next, sinking quietly upon the deck, he sought to hide his hands, so as not to be seen, causing no little wonder among the crew and officers of the vessel.

So absent did he appear, that he took no notice of the wonder evinced, but ever and anon, he would mumble something about the cage and bird.

At length all being prepared, and each man detailed for the service on shore, armed with a good cutlass and a pair of boarding pistols, four of the Druid's boats shoved off from her side, containing thirty determined and resolute men besides Lovell, Herbert, and several other officers, on whom Lovell felt that he could rely, for sound judgment and efficient service, in the desperate attack.

Everything was conducted with the utmost silence, that the surprise might be the more complete, and consequently the victory more sure.

The crew led on by Lovell, with the guide by his side, marched noiselessly towards the cave, which they soon reached without a sign of life being evinced from any object which they met or saw.

Lovell first proposed to fire a gun, and lying concealed without the cave, to shoot down or cut to pieces the pirates as they should rush forth.

But this plan, after consulting with his officers, was abandoned, and they determined to enter the cave at once, lest if they surprised the rovers while they were outside, they might successfully fortify the mouth of the cave, and in this manner hold out against a long siege.

The crew headed by Lovell, therefore boldly entered the cave, but had not ascended far before they aroused some of the sleeping buccaneers, who however were cut down as fast as they made their appearance, until the crew of the Druid had dispatched twenty of their enemies without receiving a single wound in their turn. The pirates, springing as they

did from sound sleep, were confused, and knew not how to act.

The inside of the cave now presented a wild and terrible appearance. The pirates had begun to light their torches, and their fitful glare but rendered the haggard countenances of the buccaneers more dreadful to behold. All was confusion, and the bloody conflict resounded to the hollow echoes of the cave.

Galleppo himself now rushed among his men, who were now falling fast about him, but not without making a desperate resistance against the well-conducted and concentrated attack of Lovell and his gallant followers.

Horrid curses and oaths from the lips of the dying, orders issued indiscriminately by the pirates, and the clash of weapons, all seemed silenced by the stern and determined voice of Galleppo, the buccaneer chief, who now cried to his people:

'Gather close around me, my men."

And he was strictly obeyed, for every one closed to his side. This for a moment, seemed to cause a cessation in the contest, and Lovell could see that, though he had taken the lives of nearly forty of the pirates, still there were twenty-five men about Galleppo prepared to oppose him, and of his own men three had been carried away mortally wounded. While affairs were in this condition, the rover captain spoke:

'What would ye with us!'

'Surrender,' said Lovell.

'Never!'

'Then we shall cut you to pieces,' replied Lovell.

'Stay,' said Galleppo, 'you have greatly the advantage of us, and have succeeded in surprising us when we thought ourselves secure from discovery. What terms will ye give us?'

'None—unconditional surrender is all I shall consider.'

'Then you must fight for it," said Galleppo flourishing his sword.

'Come on,' said Lovell, leading his men forward.

'Hurra—hurra!' cheered the crew of the Druid advancing.

The shock was terrible, but the Americans outnumbered the rovers, and were better prepared for the conflict. Inch by inch the buccaneers gave ground, sinking before the well directed blows of the followers of Captain Lovell, until there was scarcely one that remained.

At this moment Galleppo disappeared, but not until nearly every one of his companions had fallen by his side.

Lovell began immediately to look after his wounded com-

rades, and render them every assistance that lay in his power. He found that seven of his crew lay dead about him, and as many more severely wounded, some he feared fatally, and to such every attention was rendered.

Every arrangement being now made for removing the treasures of the buccaneers on board the Druid, a party were ordered for the purpose, and led by Lovell, they began to search the cave. Bag after bag of Spanish doubloons and dollars were carried on board the American vessel, and many articles of immense value were also secured. At length the party came to one apartment made in the division of the rock, which was fastened on the inside, and which resisted all their efforts to open it. At length a crowbar was procured, and an entrance forced after much trouble and labor, when a tragic scene burst upon the sight of Lovell and his followers, which made them start with horror.

The floor was covered with a pool of blood in which, lying at his length was Galleppo, the rover-chief, lifeless. Just at hand lay the body of the stranger guide, who had led them hither—and still further from Galleppo, and just behind the guide, lay the form of a female, apparently as lifeless as the rest. While the men examined the body of the buccaneer and the guide, Lovell raised the head of the female, to see if life remained, but the moment his eye rested on her face, he uttered a cry of wonder, and staggered away from the body, to the no small amazement of his followers.

It was but for a moment that Lovell was thus overcome—after which every restorative that could be procured was applied to revive the life of the female, who had apparently only fainted from fright.

It was long before she showed any signs of recovery, but at length a long heavy sigh burst from her lips, and her snowy breast began to rise and fall regularly by the action of the lungs. A few moments after and she opened her eyes in consciousness, but closed them again, as if to shut out some horrid sight, while the whole system trembled at the recurrence to her mind of the sight that had nearly dethroned it.

In the mean time, the bodies of the guide and the pirate captain were removed, and Lovell was informed that the former was fast recovering, having been only stunned by the effects of a pistol ball, which had grazed his temple, and that he insisted on coming back to the apartment where they were.

'I will see him presently,' said Lovell, to this desire.

The lady started to her feet, gazed for a moment upon Lovell, uttered a shrill scream—and fell again insensible into his arms.

It was Lucy Cunningham.

How much too weak are words to express the overflowing of the heart, on an occasion like this! how puerile are the elements of speech, yet how eloquent the soul. Lovell was prepared—had made up his mind to the loss of her he had so dearly loved; but the loss of her had cast a shadow over the smile of Providence, and the void in his heart was one that could never have been filled, when lo! here in a place where he could least have expected to meet with consolation, he found a healing salve, ay, Lucy, dear Lucy herself. He wept like a child, and the crew, who understood the bereavement he was supposed to have sustained, soon understood the present state of affairs, and they made the cave ring with joyous shouts, for they truly loved the captain, and rejoiced in the joy he felt. Lucy Cunningham again soon revived from insensibility, only to hide her face in Lovell's bosom and weep. The shedding of tears soon relieved her, and she spoke:

'Dear, dear Lovell,' she sobbed, through her tears of overwhelming joy.

'Ah! Lucy, I knew not how I loved you till I wept for you as lost forever.'

'I have much to tell you.'

'Your father, Lucy, where is he?'

Lucy spoke not, but pointed towards heaven.

At this moment there entered the apartment the person of Lovell's late guide, to whom Lucy gave her hand kindly, and which the man pressed again and again to his lips. Then, without saying a word, he sat down upon the floor of the apartment at her feet, and looked up joyfully in her face. Lovell was not a little surprised at this singular conduct, which Lucy perceiving, she turned to him to explain it, while she put one hand kindly on the guide's head.

'Did you not know Marcus?' she asked. 'O, I forgot; he was away from town when you were last in Boston. This is a faithful, though half-witted boy, who has been in our family some years.'

'Indeed? I should never have suspected that. He could tell us but little in answer to our questions, and we thought he must be a native of these islands, for he did not seem to understand me.'

Poor boy; they have kept him away from me on a neighboring island, lest, together, we might devise some means of escape. In all the period of my confinement here, I have not seen him since our arrival until he saved my life to-night by risking his own with Galleppo. I would not have thought him so much of a man, and could not realize that it was he, when he sprang before the rover, and presenting a pistol, shot him dead!'

'Poor fellow,' said Lovell.

'The bird was caged,' said the half-witted boy, pointing to Lucy.

'Ay, I understand now what he meant by his talk of the caged bird that he made us promise to liberate. Why, Lucy, if this—what's his name?'

'Marcus, we call him.'

'If Marcus had not swam off to the vessel, and acted as our guide, we should not have found the pirates' rendezvous after all—we had even decided to leave the Gallipagos on the morrow.'

'This is not the first nor second important service that Marcus has performed for me, and though he is but half-witted, yet he is most faithful and true, and shall ever have my protection.'

'And mine,' said Lovell, taking Marcus by the hand.

'Will he cage you up, Miss Lucy?' asked the boy, seemingly not knowing whether to receive the attention of Lovell with approval or otherwise.

'Yes, I shall cage her up, Marcus,' said Lovell.

The boy started to the side of Lucy.

'But only in my heart,' said Lovell.

Marcus couldn't understand the allusion, and it required all the endeavors of Lucy to assure him that Lovell was her friend.

'Let us leave this place,' said Lovell.

'O, yes,' said Lucy, 'and quickly, for its associations are so horrible to me.'

The order was then given to the men to embark, but not until every article of value and of such a character as was desirable, was removed on board of the Druid. The quantity of gold and silver thus collected, was almost incredible, and Lovell found that this capture was of nearly twice the value of the British Indianman that he had taken off the coast of England, or at rough estimate, Herbert and himself made it out that the

day's work was worth about three hundred and fifty thousand dollars! This sum, added to that which was already invested at Boston, accruing from their own prizes, was enough to make not only Lovell and Herbert independently rich, but also to make up a little fortune for each of their crews. But Lovell thought little of this matter. He had found a jewel that far outweighed all the rest of his wealth, a priceless gem in the sweet and beautiful Lucy Cunningham.

His own cabin was appropriated for her convenience, and after a few days passed in arranging matters relative to his prize the pirate ship, he divided the crew of his vessel equally between the Darien and the Druid, making a complement of about twenty-five men each, and then sailed for Valparaiso, on the main land. Here his mortification was great, to learn of the capture of the Essex by the English, under the most dishonorable circumstances to the British flag. He learned here, also, that the other prizes of the Essex had sailed for the United States, and knowing this to be the best season of the year for the purpose, he resolved, after taking a few necessary stores at Valparaiso, to commence his voyage homeward, by doubling Cape Horn, usually a dangerous passage.

The voyage was forthwith commenced, and Lovell divided his attention between the duties of the ship, and those of his attendance upon Lucy.

In the long evenings, she would relate to him the strange and wild adventures she had experienced, and Lovell then learned the manner in which she had been taken from her home, and at last carried to this rendezvous of the pirates, and the notorious and bloody Galleppo.

We will now relate the story in Lucy's own words, for she told it in parts to Lovell, as his duty would allow him time to listen to her; but we will put it into more concise language, and thus explain it to the reader, who doubtless is interested in the welfare and property of our heroine.

It will be remembered that we left the yacht that contained Lucy Cunningham and her father, in the midst of a storm, and which was supposed, by their friends, to have proved fatal to them, but the little vessel safely weathered it, and when she and her father could again appear on deck, they found that they were far out of sight of land, and, judging from the sun, steering a southerly direction. The yacht had every sail set that could draw, and was making the greatest speed on her course. To the inquiries made by Mr. Cunningham, of Captain Fosbeck,

concerning their course, he was told that they had been driven far to the north in the storm, and were now coming back again. This was satisfactory for a while. But the next day it became evident to them that they were each moment increasing the distance between themselves and their home, and at last Captain Fosbeck frankly admitted the fact, and from that moment Lucy's father became a prisoner in his state-room, while the yacht still kept her course.

At last they encountered tremendous gales and heavy seas, and Lucy knew by the words she heard from the seamen, that they were doubling Cape Horn. Still, on they went, and were soon in the Pacific, and among its fairy islands. Here Captain Fosbeck dropped his assumed name, and told Lucy who he really was; that he had been induced to visit Boston, as the reader knows, to find a brother whom he had heard was in America. but he failed in this, and by some chance got introduced to her father, saw her, and determined, if possible, to win her hand and marry her; but failing in this, he resorted to the means we have shown, to obtain possession of her person, and now she was completely in his power. Still he did not seem inclined to use her harshly, but rather to mould her mind by degrees to his will, and thus render her compliance a matter of far greater gratfication to himself.

At last they landed at the pirates' island in the Gallipagos, and Lucy was told that if she would comply with the rover's wishes, her father and she should both be restored to home.

But full well she knew that her father would not desire liberty at such a cost and on such terms. But she little knew the vengeance of the pirate captain, who shortly after, had her father cruelly shot, as Fonda informed her.

After that it seemed to her that the buccaneer thought that time might soften the resolution of Lucy, for he told her she could have her liberty at any time she should consent to his, wishes. Never had he resorted to force or coercion of any kind, before the attempt that had cost the life of poor Fonda nor since, and Lucy was convinced, in her own mind, that at that time he must have been intoxicated.

'O, how I have prayed for deliverance,' said she, as she told her story to Lovell, 'day and night have I prayed constantly, and how long the hours of each day have been. More, far more so, since the death of poor Fonda, into whose heart I was trying to instil some ideas of religion, for her mind was a barren waste, as it regarded her spiritual culture, but it gave good promise when she was suddenly cut off.'

'Poor Lucy,' said Lovell, 'how much you must have suffered!'

'And, Lovell, I have often prayed for you while in that dreadful cave.'

'I know it, Lucy, I feel that you did. And I, ah! I prayed to you, dear Lucy, for I thought you in heaven.'

As he spoke, he strained her to his heart, and dropping on their knees, they thanked that mysterious Power who works out his divine will by means and through agencies beyond the comprehension of our shallow powers.

Ah! Lucy and Lovell were very happy thus together in the cabin of the Druid, and the good ship stood on her homeward course like an intelligent being. While the two vessels, the Druid and her prize, are coming up through the Gulf Stream, having safely passed the boisterous passage of Cape Horn, we will turn again to the land, and taking the reader with us, there see what has occurred in our absence. See how the beautiful and playful Kate Mowbray gets along with her aristocratic old father. Time not unfrequently works great changes in a brief space, and the whole current of life is changed by little circumstances sometimes so trivial as to be quite overlooked. Shakspeare says, 'the course of true love never did run smooth;' and the life of Kate was not exempt from the application of the aphorism of the dramatist. Nevertheless a gleam of sunshine now and then flitted through the clouds, and finally, the horizon became clear.

CHAPTER X.

AFFAIRS ON THE LAND.

Until many months had passed after the artifice practised by the fair Kate Mowbray, to get rid of the attentions of young Brandon, she was no more importuned by suitors, but allowed happily to pass the time in drawing, and thinking of her dear Herbert. Kate was true to him in every thought and action, and her sweet voice was raised nightly to Heaven that its guiding and protecting hand might be extended over him while he sailed in those distant seas. She congratulated herself that her father no longer importuned her as to marriage, and it was her decided opinion that he would not do so again,

having been so disappointed in relation to the most singular and inexplicable desertion of Kate by young Brandon. The event had always been a puzzle for the old man, and he could never understand it. But Kate's fancied security was not long to last; we know not what an hour may bring forth, and little did she anticipate the fate that fortune had in store for her and her father—she found them illy prepared to meet it.

Old Mowbray was president of a banking company, and had been induced to risk considerable of his property in a speculation that had failed entirely, and taken with it every dollar he had in the world, and at the same time, a vessel in which he had a heavy venture was lost at sea, a prize to the enemy, thus involving him absolutely beyond all he possessed. To free himself and cover up his losses, he drew largely from the bank, until it became necessary for him to repay it again, and now the old man trembled. He had not the means to do it with—he was half distracted—his honor so dear to him, and then there was his dear child. What could he do? Singularly enough in this dilemma, there occurred a circumstance, that seemed designed by the hand of fortune herself, to help Mr. Mowbray out of his trouble.

About three months previous to the trouble that now weighed down the old gentleman, one of the directors of the bank, a Mr. Henderson, was introduced to Kate Mowbray, and almost immediately conceived an affection for her. He was a good-hearted man of thirty years of age, and one to whom great wealth gave an importance among his townsmen that was envied him by many. He had many good qualities, but none that were calculated to attract the regards of Kate.

He became at once a constant visitor at the house of the Mowbrays, and endeavored in his own awkward way to win the affections of her who already possessed his heart, but although there was hardly a young girl within the whole circle of Kate's acquaintance, that would not have 'jumped at the chance,' as the saying used to be, of getting the rich and respected Mr. Henderson for a husband, yet he made no impression on the faithful heart of Kate, which all the while was beating in unison with one far off to sea. Old Mowbray saw with indifference the attentions of his friend Henderson, until he found the trouble of his losses crowding upon him thick and fast, and at last that his honor was even at stake. In this dilemma, no wonder that the old man should have thought of the idea of uniting his daughter to the rich director, Henderson, hoping that

in that event he might obtain from him the means to release himself from his trouble.

He therefore expressed himself to Kate to the effect that Mr. Henderson would make an excellent match for her, and that he hoped she would treat him as became her; that it was his wish that she should receive his attentions with all becoming approbation, and after thus expressing himself, he left the matter, presuming that Kate would not dare to do otherwise than as he had desired her. But Mr. Henderson did not progress in his suit as he had hoped to do, for he had already had a conversation with old Mowbray, in which the latter concurred entirely in his purpose, but at the same time expressed in confidence his situation to his future son-in-law, telling him that he should expect assistance, in the event of his marriage with Kate, to the amount of fifty thousand dollars. Mr. Henderson, though a very rich man, was somewhat staggered at so large a sum as the one named, but he loved Kate honestly enough, and provided she made him a good wife, he did not care much if he did pay fifty thousand dollars for her hand. But as we have said, it did not appear to him that he could buy Kate's affections with her hand, for she did not do as her father had directed her in her reception of Mr. Henderson, only according to him such civilities as any friend might claim of her.

Old Mowbray at last saw that Henderson did not appear to thrive in his courtship, and fathoming the matter, he found that Kate gave him no encouragement. In vain did he storm and talk to her; it was all the same; she was determined, though she did not say so, until at last the father found he must alter his mode of attack, and to influence her, laid his situation at once before her. He told her that at the expiration of the month, unless she was the wife of Mr. Henderson, he was a ruined and degraded man, that Henderson would supply the means to relieve him of all his encumbrances, immediately on his being united with her, and then asked Kate whether she had rather see him thrown into prison, or to yield and give her hand to the rich and honorable bank director. This was attacking poor Kate in the most vulnerable point; in spite of all his foibles, she loved her father far better than he knew of, and when he left her after the conversation alluded, she sought her own room, and wept long and bitterly. In one month her father would be ruined, perhaps shut up in prison, unless she became the wife of Henderson. Horrible idea—but there was no time for delay. The demands against her father became due

within a certain number of days, and must be met. Henderson would pay them. She thought and wept over the matter for one whole night, and the next morning entering the library where her father sat, she said:

'Father, I will marry Mr. Henderson, as you desire!'

'Spoken like my own child as you are, dear Kate.'

'Father, you are convinced that there is no other alternative?'

'Perfectly, my child, strange fortune has attacked me.'

'I am ready, then, but pray, father, let there be but little ceremony.'

'It shall be just as you wish, my child, for you are saving me from ruin.'

'I hope so,' said Kate, and then aside, 'for I am rendering myself perfectly miserable.'

Old Mowbray embraced and kissed his daughter, and told her again and again that she was now about to prove his salvation. He had not for years, nor since she was a little child, approached her so much like an affectionate father, and his own words and actions seemed to open a fountain in her own breast that had long been sealed, for he really looked on Kate as he had not done for years before. But he should not have been so kind if he would go on successfully, for his kindly words and affectionate looks had so emboldened the heart of Kate, that it would speak out in spite of her, and while he embraced her, the bitter tears flowed down her cheeks. This is the heart's language.

'Why these tears, my child?' he asked.

'Pass them by, father, and tell me all that will be required of me.'

'Nay, child, you will speak to me.'

'I cannot —let us talk of the business,' she said, half choking as she uttered the mercenary word.

'But, my child,' said Old Mowbray, for his heart too was opened as we have said, 'if this is disagreeable to you, we will say no more about it; I had rather go to prison than that you should be forced into this marriage, if it will render you so unhappy.'

'O, I could never forgive myself were I to know that you were in a damp dungeon, and I might have saved you from it. No, no, father, I am ready, I am willing, let us say no more about this.'

'Well, well, my child,' said her father, trying to reason with-

in himself that Kate would come to be very happy after all. 'Mr. Henderson is a good man, an honorable man, and I know you will love him after a while.'

'Well, my child, everything shall be made as subservient to your feelings as possible. I will oversee all myself, and bear your promise to Mr. Henderson. Kiss me, girl, and dry up those tears.'

The hard, stern old Mowbray would never have succeeded in bringing Kate to his wishes, or at least not until she saw the extremity before her eyes, but the father with kind words and affection had conquered the daughter, and the sacrifice was ready to be offered up at the altar. Her heart's affection was to be rendered a sacrifice at the very altar where she had hoped it would have been a free and joyful gift of her heart, not wrung from her by stern and dire necessity. Poor Kate could hardly have been more miserable than she now was. Sometimes she would grieve that Herbert was not here, but if he were he could not raise so large a sum of money, and then, even if he had it, there was no time to wait for him, the ruin would come first. That was sure to come, while Herbert might not be home in a year, even could his arrival release her from misery. Once she had thought of applying to Henderson, appealing to his generosity to save her father and yet spare her, but she thought to herself he is rich to be sure, and honored and honorable, but fifty thousand dollars for a disinterested gift. It was out of reason, and she saw at once that such an application must be entirely fruitless. Every expedient that suggested itself to her mind, failed at last, and she found as the day approached, that she had only to resign herself to the deed, by thinking that it was to save her father's honor.

Henderson himself, although he could not mistake the manner of Kate Mowbray, yet was not knowing to all the heart aching or unhappiness of his intended bride. He knew very well that she did not particularly fancy him, but he thought by kindness and attention to wear away this, and pave a course to her heart by his unwearied attention. He really loved her, and had he known the actual state of her heart, that it was already another's, and that it was solely the wish to save her father from misery that led her to consent to become his wife, he would not have prosecuted his suit, much as he desired to attain her hand; but as to his relieving the father's embarrassments, that perhaps was too much to expect any man to do in so heavy an amount.

Kate Mowbray was attended in her father's house by a faithful maid who had been born of a mother at the time of her birth, in the service of the Mowbray family. She was a shrewd, strong minded girl, and knew her place (we wish we could say as much of most girls' mistress's, who use their dressing maids as a sort of key to unpry their neighbors' affairs); Kate was never familiar with this servant, but she was always kind and considerate. The girl loved her much, and would have done anything in reason to please her. Nancy had long observed her mistress's growing unhappiness, but she was too well disciplined to hint at the cause, which she shrewdly suspected. Poor Kate had no one in whom to confide her troubles, which perhaps increased the burthen of bearing them. Almost the only constant companion for any length of time she had ever had, and made a confidant of, was Lucy Cunningham, whom she now believed to be in heaven. And to no one did she confide the aching, unhappy thonghts that rankled in her heart.

Nancy was aiding Kate Mowbray to untire her-elf for the night, just three days previous to the one appointed for her wedding with Henderson. Her mistress had been very silent and sad all day; Nancy saw that her eyes were swollen with weeping. Her heart beat quickly, for she loved her mistress, and at last she ventured for the first time to speak.

'You don't appear quite well, Miss Mowbray, to night.'

'I am not very well, Nancy, but it is nothing serious.'

'If I might be bold, ma'm, I wish I could do something to bring back the smiles upon your face we used to see.'

'Our duty, good Nancy, sometimes leads us to do that which is not calculated for the time being to render us perfectly happy.'

'Know I'm bold, ma'm, but I will speak, and I know that you won't blame a girl born in the family, because she speaks out when her heart aches to see her mistress so unhappy as you are.'

'I know your kind disposition, good Nancy,' said Kate, while she brushed away a tear that started afresh to her eyes.

'Well, miss, I don't think you like Mr. Henderson, that everybody says you are going to be married to, and—and——'

'Don't speak upon this subject, Nancy. It is my duty to marry him.'

But the girl had commenced, and was not to be stopped, and went on to say, while she sobbed at every word:

'It's a shame, it is, that such a sweet heart as yours, Miss

Mowbray, should be given away for gold—and it is gold, for everybody says so, and I don't believe Mr. Henderson knows how miserable you are, and I mean to tell him, I do, if I never serve you another day ;' and Nancy cried and sobbed with the force of the emotion which she had wrought herself up to, and from regard for her mistress.

'No, Nancy, I can attend to my own affairs. I know how kindly you mean, but you must do nothing without my direction.'

But Nancy had worked up her mind so as to be determined to do something for her mistress, even if she incurred her displeasure thereby, and as she left her that night, she went away, muttering to herself:

'It is too bad, so it is, and I will, I will.'

And the next morning she did, for as Mr. Henderson was conning over the newspaper after breakfast, he was told some one desired to see him, and the caller was accordingly sent up to his room. It was Nancy who did not come in without showing considerable diffidence, for she knew that she was on an errand of no little degree of delicacy.

'Sit down, Nancy,' said Mr. Henderson, for he recognized the girl as Kate Mowbray's maid. 'Have you not a message for me ?'

'No, sir, yes, not exactly, I mean.'

'Why, you don't seem to know your own business, my good girl—speak up, you are not afraid of me, are you ?'

'No, sir, but you see, sir, Miss Kate didn't send, and I don't know but that you will be offended at me,' said Nancy, hesitatingly.

'No, no, my girl, say what you please, I shall not be offended.'

'Thank ye, sir. Well, you see, Mr. Henderson, it's plain enough to all of us that Miss Kate don't love you as one ought to when one's going to be married, and that aint all, sir; she's dreadful unhappy about it too, and she cries and walks her room, and don't sleep at nights.'

'Indeed ?'

'Yes, sir.'

And Mr. Henderson began to walk his room with no little anxiety.

'And I heard her father tell her all about as how he should be ruined if she didn't marry you, and have to go to prison, and then mistress consented.'

'I did not think I was so very obnoxious,' said Henderson, half to himself.

'O, that ain't it, bless you, sir,' said Nancy, speaking out rather harshly; 'why you see, sir, she's engaged to another gentleman; but pray, sir, don't say I told you so, for I expect I shall lose my situation for coming here at all, but I couldn't keep quiet, mistress is so unhappy.'

'I did not know all this, Nancy, and you have done well to come.'

'And you will not tell of me?'

'No, no, girl, I will not.'

'Thank you, sir, but if you can do anything to make Miss Kate more happy, I'm sure I should pray all my days for you.'

'You're a good girl, Nancy,' said Henderson, impressed with the girl's affection for her mistress. 'Take this to remember me by.'

'I can't, sir, I don't think it is my duty to.'

'Nay, take it, girl, I owe it to you for this information.'

'Well, I shan't take it for telling you that, sir, I'm sure.'

'Take it for my sake, Nancy, or I shall be really offended,' and Henderson, who was a generous man, handed the maid a guinea.

'I know you will do all you can for missis, sir.'

'I shall.'

'Good day, Nancy,' and Mr. Henderson rang for a servant to show her out.

Kate Mowbray's maid left the house of the rich director, not knowing whether she had really done her mistress any good or not, but she shrewdly suspected by the manner of Henderson, that he was resolved to do something, and she was sure by his kind manner, that it could not be anything to render her mistress any more uncomfortable at any rate. There were now only two days more to intervene before Kate would become the wife of Henderson. She sat alone in the drawing room, her eyes bent upon the floor, musing upon the unhappy lot that awaited. 'What will dear Herbert say when he shall hear of this?' she asked herself. 'Ah! he will not blame, he will only pity me when he knows the necessity which compels me. I have loved him very, very dearly, and do love him still. I care not how sinful it be, I will always love him, for he has my whole heart and affection.' She had not sat thus long before Henderson was announced by an attendant, and soon entered the apartment.

'Good, day, Miss Mowbray, I hope you are well to-day,' said the gentleman.

'Quite well, I thank you,' said Kate, assuming a composure of feelings.

'I have come on very special business, relating to our engagement.'

'I am bound to assent to any arrangement you may desire,' said Kate.

'But how coolly you do so; your heart does not go with one single act between us, Miss Mowbray. You will not render me happy this way, certainly.'

'I have made it my duty to try and do so, Mr. Henderson, but it is hard, sir, very hard, to pretend to love where there is none; you must know that necessity, not love, has led me to give you my hand, and you must also know that I do not love you, though I must ever respect a person of your character.'

'Miss Mowbray, I do indeed know all; but not until this morning did I know the whole truth. I had hoped that though you were not actuated by any ardent affection for me, that in time I might induce you to love one so devoted as I would be. I knew that your heart was already given to another.'

'Sir?' said Kate, sternly.

'I say I did not know this until this morning, and my mind is now made up. I will not be the means of blighting your heart. I do love you, it would be foolish in me to deny it, and I should rejoice to call you my wife, but I love you too well to desire to make you unhappy.'

'O, sir, your kindness makes me both happy and wretched, said Kate Mowbray.

'I shall intimate to your father immediately my determination, and you will be henceforth relieved from my company in any other capacity than that of one of your friends, which I hope you will allow me to remain.'

'I shall always be indebted to you for this generous conduct, sir, but you do not remember that I am ruining my father by refusing your offer.'

'That is a petty consideration, after all, Miss Mowbray, when the heart is concerned.'

'It is indeed, sir.'

'Have I your forgiveness, for having seemed to be your persecutor?'

'I have nothing to forgive you, Mr. Henderson,' said Kate giving him her hand.

'We part then in kindness,' he said, pressing it respectfully to his lips.

'Certainly.'

'I will see your father immediately.'

Kate began to tremble.

'Good day, Miss Mowbray.'

'Good day, sir.'

And Henderson left her, half glad and half miserable. She knew not what would be the result of the business, but she could not help feeling that a load was off her heart, and yet what could her father do? Henderson would not advance the immense sum of money that was necessary, without her hand. She began to fear that her father was indeed lost. Who could have told him of my engagement with Herbert? she asked herself. Even the people of the house know nothing of our intimacy. It is very strange that he should come to this conclusion so suddenly. I'm afraid to see poor father—what will he say? what can I say? But I certainly could not help it. Thus Kate Mowbray talked and surmised to herself, while Henderson sought her father. He found old Mowbray in his study conning over his papers and accounts.

'How are you, Henderson?' he said.

'Pretty well, how are you, Mr. Mowbray?'

'Well, quite well.'

'I wanted to have a word with you Mr. Mowbray, relating to your daughter.'

'Certainly, sir, speak.'

'Well, sir, I have just seen her, and told her that our marriage cannot take place.'

'Cannot, sir?'

'Cannot, Mr. Mowbray.'

'I'm astonished, sir.'

'Circumstances have occurred, Mr. Mowbray, which render it entirely out of the question that the affair should proceed any farther.'

'Has Kate dared—'

'She has done nothing, sir, but treated me in the most ladylike manner. She is no way to blame in the affair, believe me,' said Henderson, who was to generous at heart to implicate Kate to her father in any way, and he hoped, by throwing out some vague hint, to lead the father to think it all arose from some good reason of his own, unaffected by any consideration of his daughter.

'But, Mr. Henderson, I am a ruined man.'

'I hope not, sir. My advice, and a loan to a certain amount, I shall be very happy to give you—perhaps you have overestimated your trouble.'

'Ah! I know it but too well.'

'Now, if you can make ten thousand dollars serve to smooth your affairs, it will give me the greatest pleasure to aid you with that sum.'

'It would hardly be a drop in the bucket, Mr. Henderson, but I am forced to acknowledge your kindness, let your new decision arise from what cause it may.'

'I assure you, sir, that it is one that I cannot now name to you, but was entirely unlooked for, nor could I anticipate it.'

'Relying upon the sense of your honor, to believe you would act in no other way than is becoming a gentleman, Mr. Henderson, I shall not blame you, even though I do not know the cause that actuates you.'

'You are very kind; at another time I may be at liberty to speak out in this matter, and in the mean time, in relation to the affairs of the bank to which you are somewhat indebted, I shall use my influence to have made it as easy as possible to your circumstances, as the sum I have just named I will loan you.'

'Thank you, thank you,' said the old man, pressing his hand warmly. He knew that if Henderson befriended him at the bank, it would be of the greatest assistance to him, and he felt no small degree of joy at finding that in any event he was sure of his assistance in that quarter.

The two friends parted and old Mowbray immediately sought his daughter to see if he could obtain any information relative to the conduct of Mr. Henderson. But to all his inquiries, Kate returned a straight forward answer, and told him that she did not know what had led Mr. Henderson to this sudden decision, or rather that she had not imparted anything herself that could have induced him to come to the conclusion he had arrived. Little either of them suspected the faithful Nancy, who although she had avowed the intention to inform Mr. Henderson, Kate did not believe at the time possessed the confidence to do so, and thus she had not given the threat another thought, and was herself as much puzzled to know who had been informing Mr. Henderson of her private affairs, as her father was, at the sudden decision of his friend.

'But, dear father,' said Kate, 'how can you get along with

the embarrassment of which you spoke to me; you are not relieved, are you?'

'No, my child, through the kindness of Henderson, I am partially so. I have hopes that with a loan he has promised me, and his influence at the bank, I may be able to weather the storm, at least for a while.'

'Heaven be thanked, dear father.'

'So say I, my child, and if I can but get through without sacrificing your wishes as we had thought to do, in your engagement to Henderson, why, it will be all the happier, you know, hey, dear Kate?'

'O, father, I ought to have made the sacrifice for you gladly, I fear; but I could not indeed, father, do it without great misery.'

'Well, well, my child, it is over now, and you are free again.'

'O, bless you, father, for these words,' said Kate, kissing him fondly.

The old man actually wept to see how happy his child was at the prospect of not being obliged to marry Henderson, and told her that he had not realized in his anxiety to retrieve his honor, that he was requiring too much from her.

Kate retired to her room, where she wept, prayed and laughed by turns, until she was actually wearied out, and completely exhausted she fell asleep. How sweetly she dreamed and how calm was her rest that night, untroubled as it had been heretofore, by horrid visions and dreams. A happy smile lit up her countenance, and she looked as though her soul was communing with angels. Honest Nancy crept silently into the room, and wept like a child for joy thus to see her mistress.

CHAPTER XI.

LOVELL AND THE PRIZES HOMEWARD BOUND.

Captain Lovell and his prizes, the reader will remember, we left in the Gulf Stream, on their way to the port of Boston, the Darien sailing in company, with Lieutenant Herbert as her captain. There is no place (not even excepting the modern style of crowding people together in travelling from one part of the country to another) where intimacy becomes

more firmly cemented, where friends come to know each other better or so soon, as when thrown together on a sea voyage. This Lovell found to be peculiarly the case in relation to Lucy and himself. He had never before known one half the depth of her richly stored mind; he had never enjoyed much of an opportunity to confide her when at home in Boston, but now each moment was replete with happiness; each hour disclosed to him the rich gems that formed the sweet character of the heart he almost worshipped. Lucy Cunningham on her part, loved him far better, than she had ever done before, because she knew him better, and besides this the cruel loss of her dearly loved parent, on whom she had leaned from childhood for guidance and counsel, had left a cruel void in her heart, and this Lovell filled up, and on him was placed, not only the fond love her heart would have still borne him, had her father been spared to her, but also that portion of love and reliance that her father had shared. But she was very happy, and seemed to be repaid for all the misery she had experienced for many long months.

She was very beautiful, and but seventeen years of age; she was scarcely more than a school girl in time of life, yet she had already known a vast degree of experience and suffering. Her constitution was naturally an excellent one, or else she would have sunk under the burthen of her hardships. But although she had grown very slender, still one month passed so happily with Lovell, had so improved her as to be even noticeable to those on board, and Lucy was fast recovering the joyous expression that was native to her sweet countenance, and that roundness of person which adds so materially to the beauty of a well formed female. All this was duly noted by Lovell, who thanked Heaven for the treasure it had spared to him.

Lieutenant commander Herbert sailed, as we have said, in company with the Druid. He had no female heart, no confidant in his ship, but his yearning affections recurred often to her who was their idol, the playful, yet gentle, kind hearted Kate Mowbray. Herbert pictured to himself the great joy of their coming meeting, and the fond hope that ere long he might call Kate his own; little did he dream of the trial which her gentle spirit was that very hour enduring, or how nearly the prize was about to be grasped by another's hand. No, Herbert knew nought of this, but dreamed, in happy ignorance of poor Kate's trials. He had full confidence in her faithfulness to him, and justly so, for she was truth itself in the love which she bore

him. Nothing could have changed that, although circumstances might have rendered her marriage with another imperative. All the while that Lovell was so happy with Lucy, and all the while that Herbert was enjoying the sweet anticipation of bliss, ay, and all the while that poor Kate Mowbray was so wretched, stern time was mowing down the days, the hours, and the minutes, and gathering them into the receptacle of time past.

Lucy was charmed with the homeward passage, not only because she was homeward bound but for the natural beauties that were presented to her admiring eye. Lovell would sit upon the deck with her, while the clear yet pale moon lit up their course over the waves, and explain to her each portion of the ship, and its purpose. He would point out the varying tides, and the flight of birds, entertaining her with an explanation of these and many other matters peculiar to the sea, and in which he was well versed. Then their vows of love and the fairy picture of bliss that they painted on the future's fickle canvass, all served to pass away the time most happily, and both could hardly believe it was already so late when the parting hour arrived. With what swiftness does happiness fly away with time; and how halt and lame are dull care and misery, with the hours and minutes that tend upon its unwelcome course. But so is it, and we must meet, not cower before the varied events it bears upon its changeful progress.

On the morning of the very day that was to have seen Kate Mowbray the wife of the director Henderson, the two prizes dropped anchor in Boston Harbor. Lovell looked again upon the familiar scenes of his boyhood for the first time for two years. Lucy Cunningham, not without a melancholly recollection of her dear father, looked upon the place that gave her birth. Herbert could hardly restrain himself, so impatient was he to embrace the dear girl he loved, Kate Mowbray. No little joy was evinced by the towns-people at the sight of the two noble prizes, that lay at anchor in the harbor. Much time and form were necessary to be passed before any one could land from either; and when Kate Mowbray heard of a couple of vessels of war arrived, and their names, she was disappointed again, for Herbert she knew, or thought she knew, to be in the Essex frigate, though the reader knows better. We say much time necessarily expired before the vessel could be allowed to land even one of the officers, though it was night fall, and no one had yet come on shore.

Immediately on Mr. Henderson's making known his deter-

mination relative to the hand of Kate Mowbray, a few cards were despatched to such of the nearest friends of the family as were living in the neighborhood, announcing to them that the ceremony had been postponed. It was intended that the wedding should have been quite private, and thus but few had been invited, but the relations of the family, the few that were in this country, lived at some distance from town, and to them it was of course impossible to send word so as to prevent their starting for the city, as the distance at which they resided from thence rendered it impossible that intelligence should reach them in time. Therefore as night came, so did the relatives of Kate also arrive, somewhat surprised at the information which they received concerning the postponement of the wedding; but the characteristic hospitality of the times was cordially extended as a matter of course, to them all, and though somewhat disappointed, still they were quite happy, and old Mowbray exerted himself to play the host with becoming cheerfulness, though the sad prospect of the coming day, which must expose his failure, was disheatening and cast a gloom over his spirit.

Singularly enough a queer oversight had been made by Henderson, who had engaged the bishop to perform. Of course it did not rest with Kate's friends to revoke the engagement, for they had not made it with the minister, and they would have thought, had they thought anything about it, that the director had done so. But as it was, with the rest came the Right Reverend self to the house of the Mowbrays, expecting to perform the ceremony, as a matter of course; but to his surprise, and the mortification of the family, he was informed that the ceremony was postponed; nevertheless as there was a goodly company assembled, he was persuaded to join them and partake of the bountiful entertainment provided for the bridal party.

Kate had been led the previous day to confide the secret of her heart to her father, and to tell him that she loved Lieutenant Herbert with all her heart, and indeed, that it was this affection perhaps more than anything else, that had rendered it so hard a sacrifice for her to make up her mind to marry Mr. Henderson. The father was an Englishman at heart, and he did not therefore much like the idea of his daughter marrying an officer of the United States Navy, and then too, uprose his peculiar notions of family and name, and all the little aristocratic ideas that had been distilled into his early youth in

a country where such notions seem to spring spontaneons in the purseproud hearts of the bigoted people.

'But, father,' said Kate, 'he has won a name for bravery, and I see by the bulletin is already ranked as captain, though I doubt whether this news has reached him.'

'Yes, girl, but how has that fame been gained?'

'In fighting for his country, father,' said Kate with spirit.

'Stop, girl, it was in fighting against the land of my nativity.'

Kate hesitated for a moment.

'Well, father, it was fighting for the land of my nativity, was it not?' asked Kate of the old man, playfully.

'Yes, yes, my child, I suppose it was,' he replied, somewhat reduced in spirit, by the misery of his anticipated misfortune, and those that had already come upon him. 'He has no doubt done his duty,' continued old Mowbray, somewhat dryly.

'Yes, father, I knew you would think so,' said Kate, kissing him.

Kate now felt that the victory was half won, and indeed she said to herself that she had no idea of her father's receiving the proposition, or rather the mention of it, with any degree of patience at all, when lo! he had more than half acquiesced in the matter, and Kate did not doubt that she could win him to the rest, by a little shrewed management, in time. The event of the postponement was not a little mortifying, as we have said, but still it did not seem to throw much of a damper over the spirit of the company, who appeared to enjoy themselves to the utmost, discussing the viands placed before them with great relish.

It might have been half past eight o,clock, P. M., when a servant threw open the parlor door, and announced in a distinct voice, Lieutenant Herbert! Kate saw no one else, she thought of no one else, but fell at once into his open arms, as though they had been alone. Herbert pressed her warmly to his heart, and kissed her pale forehead, when Kate covered with blushes, turned and said to her father:

'This is Lieutenant Herbert, sir, of the Navy.'

'Him of whom you spoke to me, my child?' asked old Mowbray.

'The same, sir,' said Kate, diffidently

'Mr. Herbert, you are quite welcome back to Boston!' said the old man, extending his hand to the young officer with no little cordiality.

Kate watched every movement of her father's eye with no little anxiety, and she saw that he was evidently pleased with Herbert, and she was delighted with the idea.

'I should beg pardon, Mr. Mowbray, of you and the company present.'

'No apologies,' said the bishop, whom a few glasses of Mr. Mowbray's old Port had warmed to a most sociable degree of fellowship with all.

'No, no,' said old Mowbray, 'you are quite welcome, Mr. Herbert.'

Kate didn't even assent to this, nor tell him she was glad to see him, but she looked just about twice as much as though she had said so. The old bishop drew his chair towards his host, and began to whisper and ask questions, evidently relating to Herbert and Kate, to which the old man was replying apparently, and thus they talked for nearly an hour. In the mean time, Kate had introduced the young officer to the assembled friends, not one of whom but paid him a compliment, aside to his or her neighbor, for his fine, noble, and manly bearing. And not a few remarked what a handsome couple the two were together! At last the bishop was heard in rather earnest conversation with old Mowbray such as follows:

'But I say it's all right and regular, poh, poh, man hadn't I ought to know.'

'Yes, but you do know, but if you don't give your consent directly, I'll, I'll excommunicate you,' said the old man, giving his host a friendly slap.

'Well, if the children choose, I don't know as I shall object, but it's so singularly hurried, I really—'

'Poh, poh, are we not met here for the purpose?'

'Very true, but—'

'No but about it,' said the bishop, 'here, young people, Kate and you, Mr. Officer, here, come this way.'

They obeyed the bishop, wondering what could possibly be intended. O! it's all up with my suit now, thought Herbert, if that infernal person has got anything to say about it. How queer, thought Kate, what can they want!

'Young people, do you love each other?' he asked.

'Most certainly,' said Herbert, while Kate laid her hand in that of him by her side, and looked, 'yes,' but said nothing.

'Well, shall I marry you?'

If a thunderbolt had struck the house, there is no doubt but it might have done more damage than the bishop's words did,

but I am certain that it could not have started Kate Mowbray or Lieutenant Herbert any more than this did. They looked in astonishment, first at the bishop, then at old Mowbray, then at the company, but it was hard for both or either to say whether he or she was not at that very moment affected with an attack of the nightmare, and dreaming.

But the old bishop was a straightforward sort of a man, and declared to them that he was convinced that they loved each other and therefore that they ought to be married. He said that they had come there to attend a wedding, and he, for one, was not satisfied not to officiate at one. And finally he told them that Mr. Mowbray had consented (which was hardly the case), and that he saw no good reason why time should be lost, he therefore proposed that the ceremony should take place forthwith, if all were perfectly agreed; whereupon Herbert said:

'I assure you, kind sir, and you also, Mr. Mowbray, that nothing could be more congenial with my feelings than to comply with your suggestion. But I would beg leave to request the privilege of introducing a friend on the occasion, and in the meantime, if Kate desired to make any slight preparation, there would be ample time for her to do so during my temporary absence.'

'You speak well, sir,' said the bishop, 'and thus let it be.'

'Do you approve, Mr. Mowbray, of this arrangement?'

'I have no objections,' he said, at last.

And whispering a word of encouragement to Kate, and telling her that he would be back in an hour, he left.

The property of Colonel Cunningham had long ago been disposed of, and the house he had occupied was now filled with strangers; Lovell, on landing, therefore, persuaded her to take apartments at the hotel, where Herbert now repaired, and soon found both Lovell and Lucy. He begs of them to do him a great favor, which they told him they would do, without even asking what the nature of it was.

'Then, if you please, Miss Cunningham, and you, Mr. Lovell, just be so good as to prepare yourselves to attend a wedding. I have no time to explain.'

'P-h-e-w!' muttered Lovell, supposing Herbert was joking.

'Why, what do you mean, Mr. Herbert?' asked Lucy.

'There you are asking questions the very first thing, and I'm sure I have not got time to answer a single one. Will you do as I wish?'

'O, certainly,' said both.

'Then I'll be here for you directly,' and disappearing, Herbert made some little change in his dress and a few other trifling arrangements, and called in a hack again for Lucy and Lovell whom he took into the vehicle, and bade the coachman to drive to Mr. Mowbray's house. Numerous were the questions that Lovell and Lucy put to him on the way, but he would not answer, saying he was too busy thinking, to attend to their curiosity—until at last they arrived at Mr. Mowbray's house, where they got out, and entered the drawing-room. It was but a few minutes later, when Lucy Cunningham was embraced in the arms of Kate.

'Dear, dear Lucy—I am destined to be made perfectly happy now; why, how, how long have we mourned you as dead—where have you been?'

'O! dear Kate, that's a long story, and I'll tell it to you some other time.'

'Well, you are well and happy, that's enough for now,' said Kate. And they kissed each other again and again.

All this time Herbert and Lovell and the priest were talking very busily together, until the priest beckoned Lucy one side.

'Do you love this Captain Lovell?'

'I do indeed, sir.'

'Will you become his companion for life?'

'What, at this time, sir?'

'Yes, now.'

'Why, really I—I—'

'Well, what?' asked the bishop.

'Why I am not prepared now.'

'Yes I am fully aware of that,' said the bishop, 'but I've made up my mind that I cannot marry less than two couples to-night, and so your friends will else have to wait.'

'I shall leave it to Mr. Lovell, sir,' said Lucy, blushing.

'Very well, I have it all fixed then.'

'Ladies and gentlemen,' he said, assuming a place at the head of the table, 'you will please to take places for the ceremony which is about to be performed.'

O! how beautiful Lucy Cunningham's heart beat at these words—and how Kate Mowbray's breast heaved. O, how happy were they both to think that their trials were now all over, that they were about to be united after all misfortunes to the hearts they loved. Tears of joy stole down the cheeks of both at the mingled emotions that beset their hearts; joy at meet-

ing each other, and happiness, filled their hearts. The impressive ceremony was performed, prayer was poured forth to Heaven to bless the union of these young and affectionate hearts, and Lucy and Lovell were declared husband and wife. The old man then claimed a kiss from each of the brides, which was willingly accorded, and it was a very happy company that sat down to the supper table at old Mr. Mowbray's that night.

In their joy, Kate and her father forgot for a while even the coming of to-morrow, which was to render him a bankrupt; but the morrow came nevertheless, with all its responsibilities and cares. Kate would not hear of Lucy's leaving the house to go to a hotel, and so she consented to make her home with Kate for a few days at least, and thus Mr. Mowbray's family became unexpectedly and materially enlarged in number, and the old man did really appear to enter into the joys of the young folks, in spite of all the cares and annoyances that weighed him down.

'Dear Kate,' said Herbert, the next day, 'what made your father look so dejected this morning? I thought once or twice you did the same.'

'It is the perplexities of business that annoy him, dear husband.'

'How so, Kate? It is about time that he left it altogether.'

'He has been very unfortunate of late, and lost large sums of money.'

'Is that all?'

'All? Is it not enough, dear husband, when it took all he had?'

'Never mind that, sweet Kate. I have got enough for us all.'

'Ah, it is not for support I fear, but father will have to go to prison, unless he meets the demands that this day accrue.'

'To prison? No, no, Kate. I've got enough and to spare, and there is no way in which I could dispose of a share of it more satisfactorily to my own feelings than in assisting the father of so dear a wife.'

'O, husband, are you indeed able to save him?'

'I think so, my dear Kate. Where is he?'

'In the library. Do go to him immediately.'

'I will, Kate; and don't you worry any more on account of your father's debts.'

The reader will remember that Herbert's share of prize-money already amounted to a very large sum—say one hundred

thousand dollars in the prizes which we have spoken of, and he had also invested nearly twenty-five thousand acquired in this way before the time of introducing him to the reader at the outset of our tale; so that his available property at the hour of his being united to Kate Mowbray, exceeded one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars; a third more than even the property of Mr. Henderson.

Herbert sought the room, where he found old Mowbray sitting with his face hid in his hands, awaiting the visit that must come before the expected arrest. He was the very picture of misery. He raised his head as Herbert entered, to observe who it was that came.

'Well, father,' said Herbert, calling him by that friendly name, 'my dear Kate tells me you are anticipating trouble to-day, on account of some heavy losses you have experienced, and that you are sadly in want of funds.'

'It is very true, sir.'

'Well, what's the case?'

'Why, that my note will this day be protested,' said the old man, in agony.

'To what amount?'

'Twenty thousand dollars.'

'Is that all your liabilities?'

'No; the next day there comes due twenty thousand more.'

'Forty thousand, and does that foot the sum, sir?'

'No, not even there can I stop. In the next week there comes due ten thousand more.'

'Fifty thousand—well, go on; let's get at the total.'

'That's all, but it might as well be a million of dollars for all my ability to pay it.'

'Supposing I let you have fifty thousand dollars, will that set you all right again?'

'It is impossible that you have such an amount of money.'

'Not at all, sir; you are now my father, or at least Kate's father, and she's dear enough to me to make her father mine. I will relieve you, sir.'

'Is it possible?' asked old Mowbray, trembling with surprise.

'Doubt not my ability, but let us go to your office.'

'O, willingly, and God grant me strength to bear this joy as he has done the reverse.'

Herbert kissed his wife, and accompanied her father to his office, and from thence to one of the insurance offices, when papers were made out in due form, and in less than an hour,

Herbert put a check into old Mowbray's hand for the sum that he needed, viz., fifty thousand dollars, and told him to consider it a free gift.

Old Mowbray did not go mad, though he bid fair to do so with joy, but he went and settled up his liabilities, and then went home to enjoy complete happiness.

CHAPTER XII.

END OF THE WAR.

From war and bloodshed, and all the attendant miseries, the country was now to be redeemed. The war had closed; the great battle of New Orleans had been fought and won by the victorious Americans under General Jackson, as a closing scene to the drama; again was England made to regret that she had ever commenced the contest that had shown her own weakness and American valor so conspicuously side by side. She had good reason to regret it for our seamen had an opportunity to prove their superiority on the water to the British ships of war, and also to show to Christendom that Heaven helps the right. Can it be, that after being so completely worsted, this pigmy of a nation will again seek a whipping at the hands of stout and sturdy America, now grown to the stature of manhood, and possessing the confidence and experience gained in administering justice twice in her youth, upon proud England? We think not.'

As we have said, the war was closed, and Lovell and Herbert, after three years of active and arduous service, were granted a furlough, which was improved by them in establishing a happy home for the rest of their days. Fanny Campbell, the Female Pirate Captain, lived to see her gallant son, Captain Lovell, and Lucy, who visited her often at the house of the Lovells near Lynn, on the road to Salem, as we have taken particular care to explain in another volume.

It will not be supposed, for a moment that we have given the reader the actual and bona-fide names of the parties whose stories we have been telling them. No, no; that would be a breach of confidence in us, who have heard so much and so often the prominent parts of our sketch from their lips.

We have chosen to cover their actual names under the assumed ones we have given, for obvious reasons, and we have made these remarks touching the names of our characters, as

both Herbert and Lovell are Commodores in the United States Navy, and long may they live to grace the station they fill with so much honor to themselves and credit to their country.

Once or twice we have been tempted to throw out such a hint as should enable the reader to know who are actually the leading characters in our tale, but no good would be done thereby, and perhaps some unpleasant feelings would arise from it, on the part of persons for whom we entertain a high respect and esteem.

Nancy, the faithful dressing-maid, lived until she was married with Mrs. Herbert, and the day on which she left her service, she told her for the first time, the secret of her going to Mr. Henderson, and explaining the matter of Kate's engagement with Lieutenant Herbert, and that the proposed connection with him rendered her very miserable, causing her to weep night and day.

'I meant it for your good, ma'am,' said Nancy.

'I know you did, Nancy.'

'I'm glad for that, ma'am.

'You always served me well.'

'And I hope, now I'm leaving you, that you will forgive me for it.'

'On the contrary, Nancy, I am indebted to you for doing as you did. No, no, you don't need to be forgiven anything.'

'Thank ye, ma'am.'

This was a piece of news to Kate, and she told her husband of the whole affair, and the generous Herbert made Nancy a present on the day of her marriage, of five hundred dollars, to remember her mistress by, and to lay up for time of need.

Lucy, after she reached Boston, searched out her former faithful maid, and again took her into her service, where she remained until a few months since, when she lay down in the last quiet sleep, after a long and happy life.

Lucy and Kate lived very near to each other, and were constantly together, even when a growing family began to creep one by one upon them with sweet blue eyes and flaxen hair.

CHAPTER XIII.

WINDING UP OF THE CLOCK OF OUR STORY.

Bear with us yet awhile, for we are now near the close of our story.

If the reader has read "Fanny Campbell, the Female Pirate Captain," and has thought at all upon the matter, he will see that the "Naval Officer, or the Pirate's Cave," is a sequel to that book, inasmuch as it is following out the interests of Fanny and the elder Lovell; he will also see that the son of honest Jack Herbert is one of our principal characters, and that in short the book is a sequel to the one alluded to. Fanny and her husband were not called home to their final resting place until they had enjoyed the success which their oldest son had met with, and saw him settled with smiling and loving ones about him. It was the same with old Jack Herbert and his companion; they too, saw their son, who was by the by an only one, settled in life as happily as they could possibly wish.

The wild adventure, which commenced so many years before, when honest Jack Herbert shipped with Fanny, in the British brig in Boston harbor, for Havana, could hardly have been expected to have resulted in so happy a finale as it had now done. Who would have believed that a young girl, as Fanny was, could have mastered that crew, released Lovell from prison, and brought home valuable prizes as trophies of her success. Yet so it was, and our hero was her son. Little did honest Jack Herbert think when he shipped as a foremast hand in the British brig, that he should rise to the post of captain, and that his son should, in after years, be also a captain in the United States service.

But let us turn again to look after our own characters, or rather those who have been introduced to the readers in this volume alone. Lovell had brought home as prisoners, eleven of the pirates that he had secured from the Pirate's Cave, in the island of the Pacific, where he had attacked them so successfully, and won a complete but bloody victory. These men were confined in irons on board, of the Druid, for some time, after which they were removed to the city prison, to await their trial for murder and piracy upon the high seas.

At length the time came, and after a long and tedious trial the prisoners were condemned upon the strength of the most overwhelming evidence. It was made manifest that they had murdered among them, Colonel Cunningham. Besides, several other cases of murder were traced directly to them, and so conclusive and plain was the case, that a number of them were at length induced to confess, and make a full disclosure of the horrid crimes in which they had participated, and the bloody scenes in which they had all been actors. There were

representatives of many nations among them—Spaniards, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, and sorry are we to write, one American, besides a number of the half breed race of Indian and Mexican blood. Every one of the crew were condemned to die, and according to the sentence, suffered death by the gallows, after having been offered the consolation of religion, which they nearly every one embraced.

The reader must not suppose, because we have not referred to simple Marcus, that we have forgotten him—no, no. We are not inclined to forget one who has proved so faithful to our heroine. Marcus was a most kind hearted though simple being; he seemed to recognize but one principal idea, and that was his regard for his mistress Lucy. Lovell brought him safely to Boston after his long and severe confinement on one of the desolate islands of the Gallipagos group, where he was once in a while supplied with provisions by the kindest of the rovers, but led to depend mainly upon his own means and living upon the flesh of the tortoise, and drinking the water that the animal carries fresh in part of its throat. Water is not to be had fresh upon these islands, and on this precarious supply poor Marcus was obliged to depend for his subsistence. Nevertheless, the meat of the animal is of the most nutritious character, and Marcus actually throve and grew stronger, and better in health under this manner of living, than ever he had been while at home.

It was manifest, too, that his mind improved in a like ratio with his physical system, for Marcus had become vastly more sensible than he had ever been before, which made Lucy and Lovell greatly to rejoice, for they really loved the poor, half-witted fellow, who would have sacrificed his life for either of them.

And when Lovell began to gather about him a number of sweet voiced, lovely children, the poor, half-witted Marcus became their constant companion and playmate. He was as gentle and thoughtful of their necessities as the mother herself, and Lucy often declared that she should not know what to do without the aid of Marcus in taking care of amusing her children. They, too, sweet little buds, loved the kind hearted Marcus and could not bear to be separated from him for an hour. Thus he grew old in the service of Lucy and her husband, and as old age began to whiten his head and bend his form, especial care was taken for his comfort, and every little convenience was arranged in consideration of his infirmity, in order that his down-

hill of life might be smooth and happy as possible. He lived to a ripe old age, enjoying every comfort that the heart could wish, and his dying pillow was smoothed by the kind and gently sustaining hand of Lucy herself.

We have not said that the beautiful Kate became a mother, but she did, and of children that would rival any save those of Lucy's, sweet, flaxen hair, bright-eyed emblems of the mother's beauty and greatness of heart, and a proud man was Herbert as he looked around him and saw the little glistening jewels that Providence had sent to ornament his days of connubial joys, and complete his domestic bliss.

We challenge the world to produce a happier couple than were Kate, the sweet, thoughtful, kind-hearted Kate and her husband, the gallant Lieutenant Herbert. The eldest son of Herbert, Charles Lovell Herbert, was married to the eldest daughter of Lucy and Lovell, the beautiful and accomplished Lucy Herbert Lovell, both having been named in honor and remembrance of the friendship that existed between the families of the two commodores. How endless a theme in the story of a single life, and the labyrinths into which it leads the biographer. Here we could diverge, and give the reader the history of those two of whom we have just spoken, but strange to say, in this instance the course of true love actually ran smooth, for they loved each other dearly, and no objection was made to their union at such a time as they themselves had chosen, and thus the old proverb was for once belied. Charles L. Herbert studied law, and is now a practitioner at the Suffolk bar in Boston, and an eminent lawyer.

We should not forget to mention that young Brandon was present at the wedding party given by Kate Herbert and Lucy Lovell after their marriage. He had not unfrequently said that Kate was a very pretty and even handsome girl, but that he did not think her quite so neat as she might be. In fact, the picture of the drawing-room where Kate had sat in that frightfully exposed situation, was most indelibly impressed upon his sensitive mind, just as Kate intended it should be, and she had well calculated upon his disposition and character before she resorted to the peculiar ruse which had proved so successful.

But now young Brandon was engaged to another, and indeed was just on the eve of marriage himself. Kate knew this, and that he cared nothing in particular for her; but still the mind is ever sensitive as to the good or ill opinion of those about us,

and Kate did not like that Brandon should think quite so ill of her as she knew he did. She therefore resolved to try and undeceive him.

She managed by a little sign to lead him apart from the company and said:

'Mr. Brandon, it is some time since we have met together.'

'It is, Mrs. Herbert, nearly a twelvemonth, I think.'

'Do you remember the circumstances of that meeting?' asked Kate.

'I remember it was rather peculiar!' answered Brandon, actually blushing like a woman.

Then, after explaining fully to him that she had only resorted to this extremely unpleasant artifice (though she had since made much mirth out of it), through necessity, she was satisfied, and indeed Brandon was not exactly displeased, although he found that he had been made a jackass of by Kate.

For it galled him to think he had paid such assiduous attention to one so unworthy as he had been led to suppose Kate, in his own weak susceptibility, but whom he now thought to have merited his regard. Had she not realized that this was the vulnerable point, she would have employed other means to accomplish the purpose she had in view.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONCLUSION.

Apropos of Mr. Brandon and Kate, we are led to speak of Mr. Henderson, the director, and Kate's real friend. He already understood Kate Mowbray's situation as it regarded her love for another, and her father's purpose of releasing himself from his pecuniary troubles by his assistance, when he relinquished her hand, and, therefore, there remained no necessity for an explanation between them upon this point; but still Mr. Henderson was one of the very first to offer her the usual congratulation on the occasion of her marriage with Lieutenant Herbert, and but a few months passed away before he chose a companion, and it became Kate's turn to congratulate him, in course of time, on a like occasion. Mr. Henderson still lives in the city of notions, and is still a bank director; the old gentleman will forgive us, we know he will, for this little breach of his private life, for never was there a better or more liberal hearted

man in existence. There are many such generous, clever old souls in like situations with himself, who were young men, comparatively speaking, in those days of Henderson's preference for Kate Mowbray, and they too, will recognize this picture of the companion of their boyhood, and the tried friend of their riper years. May his closing day be sunny with the rays of happiness and content!

We have thus closed up, as far as we proposed to do at the outset, the history of our dramatis personæ, though within the limits in which we have written, we have scarcely found room to perfect or fairly delineate any great peculiarity of character; still we have made our tale as complete as possible. We flatter ourselves, that those who have read this tale, will not fail to procure the "Female Pirate Captain," and we know very well, that those who have read that story, will not lose an opportunity of purchasing this, which carries out and still more perfects, the interest which the reader finds engendered in his own bosom, for the characterers there introduced.

We have endeavored to add fuel to the patriotic fire that burns in every American heart, contemplating the gallant deeds of our small but efficient navy in the events of the last war; we have referred to some of the naval engagements of these days, and would have them impressed vividly upon the minds of all. We might easily convince the reader that there is more of truth blended with our tale than he may at first suppose, did we deem it worth the while; but if the incidents of the tale are not sufficient to interest him, we shall not endeavor to do so by pressing upon him the fact of their truth, though we cannot avoid saying that the scenes laid in the Pacific are drawn from actual facts and occurrences, as history will show.

And now again it is time to bid the reader farewell, and as we do so, we feel much as a father does, who leaves a child with a guardian. We do not do it without much thought as to how the child will be raised and treated, but if the public will only extend the same degree and amount of patronage and kindness upon this "child," as they have to the others we have intrused to their generosity, we shall still remain their grateful and obliged servant. Our last three tales have been of the sea and its associations; our next may be in a new field, but in the mean time, gentle reader, we beg leave to kiss your hand.

THE END.

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